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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The morning after the declaration of Midlothian the Prime Minister was sixty, and the "Westminster Gazette" rightly believes that the best of his political foes will wish him many "fruitful years": we would only guard ourselves by saying we hope the fruit will be his own, and not the bruised or bad stuff in which some of his colleagues are in haste to deal. Mr. Asquith is a great Parliament man—even if he has gone about to break Parliaments—and an ornament of our system of public life. He has dignity and a style that is never at fault in the hottest dispute. By what an irony of events was Mr. Asquith, a statesman on the lines of Burke, made to lead a party that in the main is out for not Liberty but Loot!

Midlothian, whether fought and won on Insurance or Home Rule or Tariff Reform or the Single Tax or on any other item in either party's programme, or on all the items together, means simply that the Government is doomed. It may totter and dodder on for months, growing always a little more tottering and a little more doddering, after the fashion of at least one Government of very modern times that outstayed its time. But we do not believe it can recover. It may promise a perfect glut of "rare and refreshing fruit", but the thing will not avail now. The people have no stomach for the fruit. They have got it into their heads that the fruit is not good, and they fear it will give them the colic.

The sooner the Liberal party quit office the sooner they may recover reputation and the better it may be for them. But we are not at all sure that it will be the better for the Unionist party. The Unionist wish

should surely be to see the rot continued, not arrested—and we must not forget that when the Liberals go out of office they leave behind them some of their worst difficulties and discomfitures. On the whole it is likely that the Unionists will be more fortunate if the Government clings on in office losing some more by-elections like Manchester and Midlothian, and dropping old supporters at the rate it has been doing of late. It is doing harm to the country, but its power to do the gravest harm is passing. One may be allowed to wish that it will grow a little more disliked and will grow a little weaker before it goes out. The Government has had its paroxysms—or Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill have had them for the Government: we can wait with patience for the prostration which, as Disraeli said, naturally follows.

The first Midlothian campaign was Mr. Gladstone's: the second Midlothian campaign may long be recalled as Mr. Outhwaite's. This gentleman has suddenly "blazed the comet of a season": we hope that like Churchill—the poet Churchill—he will not find "the meanness of all sepulchres". But there is little doubt that there is a strong desire in the Liberal party just at present that he should be interred without delay. His story about Mr. Lloyd George's proposal to resign, and Mr. Asquith's reassuring "On no account resign—we are with you on the new land campaign", has scandalised the elder and respectable wing of the party. Everyone is asking "Who is this Mr. Outhwaite?" It is not easy to place Mr. Outhwaite, for so far he appears to have kept out of all the usual works of reference. He is not in "Who's Who" or "The Green Book". Nor is he in Burke's "Landed Gentry" or Walford's "County Families"—sources of information which are by no means always drawn blank when we seek in them for particulars as to some of our rising Democrats.

Talking of Walford one is reminded of a club story which the raconteurs are telling with glee. It relates to a meeting at which the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Chairman of the Port of London Authority are said to have been when the question of making some appointment was raised. A name was suggested, but it

was objected that the person proposed was not "a gentleman". "A gentleman!"—broke in the Chancellor of the Exchequer; "why I'm not 'a gentleman!'" and, turning round to the Chairman, "You're not 'a gentleman', are you, Devonport?"

The Master of Elibank seems to be an even more gnostic man than the world took him for. He has exchanged politics for trade, and gone into the House of Lords, at exactly the right time in his career. If Mr. Churchill chose a happy moment for getting well into the Liberal party, the Master of Elibank chose an equally happy moment for getting well out of it. We must always gratefully remember Lord Cowdray for asking the Master of Elibank to become his partner in business; we must still more gratefully remember the Master of Elibank himself for giving the Unionist party the great bit of luck it has had in Midlothian.

It is amusing to note the way in which Mr. Churchill is turned on, or turns himself on, to make a noise when his party has lost the day. It is curious how very few people saw that Mr. Churchill's grand letter about Mr. Bonar Law was to take attention off Manchester; and now he is trying in just the same way to take it off Midlothian. The thing is ingenious, though it does not deceive those who understand politics; they recognise in it at once a signal not of defiance but of distress.

Twelve Parliaments in Great Britain and Ireland do not seem extravagant to Mr. Churchill. The United States has more than twelve; and Germany "has not merely Parliaments and States gathered and grouped together within the German Empire, but has separate kingdoms and principalities and armies woven together in a strong federation of the whole". Does Mr. Churchill believe that the statesmen who framed the American and German constitutions would have built a federation if they had been able to avoid it? If Mr. Churchill wishes to make use of history, he should give us an example of a first-class empire deliberately separating into small pieces for the mere pleasure of doing so.

Mr. Churchill was speaking at Dundee. Of course, he made the most of Home Rule for Scotland. This was the real gist of his federation speech. Let us give Ireland a Parliament as a preliminary to giving Scotland a Parliament. If you like the idea of Scottish Home Rule, vote for Irish Home Rule. The argument is ingenious—perhaps too ingenious for Scotsmen who like their own side of a bargain safe before they accept it. How far Mr. Churchill's twelve Parliaments are approved by the Cabinet is not yet clear. Mr. Churchill "put these matters forward not as indicating in any detail or precision the policy of the Government". They were presented merely as interesting political speculation.

Not content with having the foot-and-mouth disease in Ireland and proposing to send it to England, the Irish Nationalists are now going to trace its origin to—England! Mr. T. W. Russell in his speech in Dublin on Wednesday is reported to have said, "An inquiry will be held as to the cause of the Irish outbreak, and its introduction *might be traced to England*". Perhaps the introduction of cattle driving and whacking, moonlighting and boycotting might also "be traced to England". Messrs. Ford and Egan might without much extra strain on the Irish imagination be traced there too.

The practical result of Mr. Churchill's Admiralty reforms is to put the duties of the Controller into commission. Hitherto he has supervised the designing of the Fleet, its administrative construction, equipment, and repair, together with the incidental contract, financial, and dockyard business. The Third Sea Lord is now relieved of the financial, contract, and dockyard business; and is given for his assistance and advice a Director of Naval Equipment. The D.N.E. will be a naval departmental officer of flag or senior captain's

rank. He will supervise from the naval point of view the equipment of ships, and deal generally with purely technical questions.

The disciplinary changes aim at relieving small grievances of the lower deck without relaxing subordination. A new penalty is substituted for 10A (inspecting the paint); card-playing (not gambling) is allowed; and the rules of leave have been carefully revised. One of the most important paragraphs of Mr. Churchill's Circular Letter relates to appeals of petty officers. The practice of getting the outside assistance of persons unconnected with the Navy in the preferring of complaints to the Admiralty is strongly condemned as "injurious to the welfare and discipline of the service". Petty officers with a grievance are asked to appeal direct to their captain; and, failing redress, formally to prefer their complaints as provided in the King's Regulations.

Already the expected successor of the "Iron Duke" has been christened in newspaper headlines as "hyper-super-Dreadnought". Happily it is the penalty of this sort of jargon that it cannot continue indefinitely. What comes after a "hyper-super-Dreadnought"—for the giant will continue to grow. This new monster, with its ten fourteen-inch guns, will no more be the perfection of a big ship than was the "Dreadnought" herself, already outmoded by her successors.

The aeroplane is now definitely to be regarded quite seriously as a weapon of war. It has played an important part in the Army manœuvres; and its military significance must not be lost sight of, as we read of the skilful and brave pilots who have lost their lives. The War Office reports of the flying corps: "There can no longer be any doubt as to the value of airships and aeroplanes in locating an enemy on land and obtaining information which could otherwise only be obtained by force". Armies and navies alike will have to reckon seriously with the aeroplane. The exhibitions and tests of waterplanes and aeroplanes at the recent Review have convinced the Admiralty that ships will henceforth need protection from dropped explosives. In the defensive armament of the successor of the "Iron Duke" the gun-positions and broad funnels leading to the furnaces and engine-rooms will be screened by bomb-proof armour. The side plating will be heavier, and the armour will be extended to protect against attack from the air.

Neither of the military disasters can be accounted for by the experts. Even the dreaded air-pockets do not in this case seem to show even a working hypothesis. The airmen over Port Meadow had undoubtedly struck foul weather, and they seem to have been planing down at an excessively steep angle at the moment of the actual fall. These men were practically taking the risks of war.

The situation in the Near East has not improved; it is only in suspense. The Bulgarian Prime Minister has stated in categorical terms that it is quite erroneous to suppose that Bulgaria is satisfied with Turkish promises or the Berchtold proposals. Something much more precise and imperative is needed. In fact Bulgaria will only be satisfied with what Turkey cannot grant, autonomy in Macedonia. The war fever is spreading not only in Bulgaria but in Serbia and Greece, and only the astute policy of Ferdinand keeps his troops on their own side of the border.

The harvest in the Balkans is over and this adds to the danger of the situation. Even Greece is on the move, and 130,000 troops have been mobilised. By herself Greece may be a negligible quantity, but united with Serbia and Bulgaria her hostility would withdraw a number of Turks from the main theatre of war. There is no doubt that the prospects of peace are precarious in the extreme, and more massacres in Macedonia would almost certainly make the seething pot boil over. Albania too is by no means pacified, as has been

asserted with great confidence many times of late. Another rising is preparing which will not be quelled till complete autonomy is granted and the tribes have received fresh supplies of arms and ammunition.

This piece of news comes from the Montenegrin frontier, where fighting is again in progress and massacres of Christians still continue. Those who delight in omens and portents will note with a gloomy satisfaction that the fabric of S. Sophia is again showing signs of collapse, doubtless owing to the recent earthquake. Much the same disaster is perhaps impending as threatened the Cathedral of Winchester. The weight of the dome is pushing out the piers. Speedy repair and a large expenditure are urgently required. Speedy action of any kind and adequate funds are never readily forthcoming in Turkey, but it would be a disaster indeed if the building were to collapse. To the Turks it would be a signal of doom, while Christendom would lose the most interesting church in the world.

The French authorities in Morocco seem to have acted with skill and promptitude, and the situation has decidedly improved. General Lyautey has ordered Colonel Mangin to remain in Marrakesh and organise the occupation if he thinks it possible to do so without a considerable reinforcement of French troops. If he does not think it could be done he is to retire. It is stated by the "Temps" that the General thinks that the permanent occupation of the place is necessary and has asked the Government for three more battalions. Even when they arrive they will hardly enable him to pursue El Hiba, who has retired more to the south. The French are at length beginning to understand how very grave a business they have before them if Morocco is really to be pacified.

There is no need to detect a background of naval conventions behind the French Government's decision to transfer its remaining division of battleships from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean. The move shows that the French understand the limits of their naval power. If the whole French fleet were based upon Brest it still could not face the German navy, and the French know it. On the other hand, every fresh division sent to Morocco makes it all the more essential that France should be able to secure her communications with North Africa. In fact the French realise that the next war with Germany will be decided on land, like the last, and are very sensibly using their ships to assist in the concentration of their troops.

The Swiss have been thinking seriously about the German Emperor's visit. Did he want to show that he could be just as democratically affable as M. Fallières? Or was there a deeper design, some suggestion of Teutonic overlordship? These questions reveal anxiety, but there is really no reason to doubt the official explanations. The Emperor went to Switzerland to revive youthful memories and to see the Swiss militia at manœuvres. A good many Germans have been asking whether what he has seen will affect German military organisation. To this question even a Social Democrat can only answer No. Like the British Navy, the German Army defends by taking the offensive, and a militia organisation is utterly unsuited to its purpose.

It is a good sign that the Radical Press is making so much of the high price of meat in Germany. Tariff Reform, it seems, scotched so often, is not entirely dead. But we can assure the Free Traders that they can never hope to hold their ground by exhibiting the wickedness of the German tariff. The German tariff is not the least like what the English tariff is going to be. Its food duties are framed wholly in the agrarian interest, and it knows nothing of Imperial preference. As for the agitation in Germany itself, it would be well not to over-estimate its importance. The Socialists, having failed to turn their electoral gains to

any account, are now demanding the immediate convocation of the Reichstag in order that the representatives of the people may advise the Government. As a tactical move this is all the more effective, because the Government will assuredly take no notice.

The prompt action of M. Poincaré's Ministry against the Teachers' Syndicates is not only leading to the dissolution of these associations but also demonstrates the complete collapse of Syndicalism in France. Nobody now pays the slightest attention to the fulminations of the Confédération Générale. It is stated that not more than 6000 schoolmasters in all are enrolled in the syndicates, but it must in justice to the schoolmasters be remembered that the vast majority of them only organised themselves in this fashion originally in order to bring some effectual pressure to bear on the Government for the improvement of their inadequate salaries. This they had never been able to effect by means of the non-militant and mild organisations in which they were originally associated.

The meeting of the British Association at Dundee, in spite of the people who refuse to be excited, will be memorable for the President's address. But not less famous, we should think, will be the after discussion on the origin of life, which took place a few days after in the Joint Zoology and Botany Sections. Never was such an assembly of specialists who have studied life manifestations from the kindred aspects of zoology and botany. They included in their discussion all that is biological knowledge, and a great deal of lore about what is no longer knowledge and has passed into the limbo of the obsolete. One of them, in the pride of specialism, remarked that their discussion was not intended for the gallery. That was true; and yet there was a pretty large "gallery" of several hundred people, many of whom must have been quite unable to follow all the scientific theories and fine-spun speculations of scientists who affect to scorn the airy fancies of metaphysics.

What was the result of it all? Nothing positive: nothing that makes life in the least degree more intelligible; and nothing which shows any present agreement on any fundamental principle along the lines of which a sanguine belief of ultimate success is justified. We should think that no discussion in any other section, not even the section of economic science, doubtfully so called, furnished anything so merely negative as the discussion in this biological section. But none of the other sections would think it within its province to inquire into the ultimates of its science. The mystery of the inorganic is not less than that of the organic. One inscrutable mystery is quite as impossible as two.

Dr. Haldane said he did not believe that life could be explained or interpreted finally by the known physical and chemical properties of matter. This is the opposite of the presidential view, and yet both would agree as to the hopelessness of explaining or interpreting matter itself. However, the most technical scientists cannot for ever go on excluding all inquiries as to the beyond of phenomena. They must take refuge on occasion from the known in the unknown. Geology, essentially, would do as well as biology for mystery, but it would not be so "human-like".

Several newspapers have been trying to scare people about the Tubes. The Tube managers are partly responsible for this. They have told us that accidents are impossible. An accident has happened, fortunately not very serious; and no one can explain how it was that the infallible signals went wrong. Nevertheless, the Tube to Golder's Green may still be reckoned as safe as any of the houses there provided by the speculative builder. A most alarming article has appeared in the specialist "Railway Review"; but since the particular specialist that wrote this article confuses the system of signalling at Turnham Green on the District Railway

with the system used on the Piccadilly Tube, his terrors may safely be discounted. The Tube system is as perfect as machinery can make it. If anything goes wrong the automatic signal must normally go to danger. It may be—and has been—argued that it is never safe to put confidence in machinery. But, if we admit this, modern life is impossible.

Bagehot in a celebrated essay that might induce even the Mayor of Sydney to look into the plays of Shakespeare, writes of the serious folk who when we, "speaking the language of mortality, remark of a pleasing friend: 'Nice fellow, so-and-so! Good fellow as ever lived!'" reply sternly upon an unsuspecting reviewer with—"Sir, is he an earnest man?" Sir Herbert Tree is certainly an earnest man; and it was in perfect character that he should open Tuesday's meeting upon Sunday theatres by urging his hearers to "regard the problem from a statesmanlike standpoint rather than from that of a party politician"; that he should reflect upon the "interests of the community at large", and the "good of the theatre", as well as the mere pockets and welfare of the players.

To go no deeper than the pockets of the players and their industrial welfare, Sunday opening of the theatres would be very seriously a mistake; and we are glad that the Actors' Association has come down so strongly in its rejection. Sir Herbert spoke excellent sense, and was ably supported by Mr. Webster, whose reading of the economic position was clearly correct. Players will not increase their pay by opening on Sunday. Extra pay for Sundays would go the way of extra pay for matinées. It is not even clear that the managers would increase their profits. Where, on the Continent, Sunday opening is the rule, there are usually smaller audiences on Saturday and on Monday, the takings for the three days being about equal to the former takings for two. It is three days' work for two days' pay all round.

Mr. Martin Harvey's change of purpose as to "The Playboy of the Western World" throws up vividly the national estimate of plays and players. Mr. Harvey has written a letter saying he is advised to cancel his intention of playing Christy, and that he has decided to change his mind. The natural inference in a civilised country would be that Mr. Harvey had been persuaded by an enlightened friend to be careful of his reputation and not submit it to an ordeal which it might not be able successfully to endure. In a word, Mr. Harvey might perhaps be unequal to the part. But the newspapers have taken precisely the opposite view. Far from assuming that Mr. Harvey's withdrawal implies Mr. Harvey is not good enough for the "Playboy", they seem to think it implies that the "Playboy" is not good enough for Mr. Harvey—or, at least, that Mr. Harvey thinks so. Instinctively they have assumed that, not the play, but the player is the thing to-day. In the public estimation this is true, even when the play is Shakespeare's and the player a young woman who ought to be reading Mrs. Molesworth.

The "Times" correspondent "recently in Stockholm" has this week supported Mr. Edgar Seligman in testifying that the American competitors at the Olympic Games were fine fellows, popular and well-tempered. The "crowd" is all to blame, and the athletic bosses, "whose political and Tammany methods and spirit are just as distasteful to the better sort of Americans as offensive to our way of thinking". The "Times" correspondent does not explain how it is that these courteous and loyal adversaries allow themselves to be bullied into packing the course and practising all the wicked tricks of the professional pot-hunter. The tendency to condone—and even to admire—these American exploits only shows how necessary it is for Englishmen to withdraw before they are thoroughly infected.

MIDLOTHIAN.

PUBLIC opinion, despite Peel's scornful saying about it, is not perhaps in politics quite the tideless sea which we take it to be. It seems subject to a regular ebb and flow, and politicians can do little to alter its strong and regular movements once they have begun. Midlothian is only another proof that the Radical Government is going out on the tide. Their ship has sprung a leak, the crew is in active mutiny, and, though they drift further out, the helmsman persists in raising his ridiculous cry of "Land! Land!" Prophets before—and after—the event have been busy as usual in attributing the result to this cause and that. We distrust them as Sir William Harcourt distrusted "the weird prophet of Eccles". For where they are agreed they are never precise, and if they are precise they are never agreed. Doubtless the electors of the county have been influenced by dislike of the Insurance Act. Then there was Ireland. Scotland has no great love for Home Rule, several of its Radical representatives having already led the way in revolt, yet it is scarcely likely that the Orange drum would at ordinary times arouse enthusiasm in the Lothians. It is unlikely, indeed, that the bulk of those who polled against Mr. Shaw were influenced by any one specific grudge against the policy of the party for which he stood; their attitude was rather one of weariness with a Government which has utterly outstayed its welcome. A measure which is unpopular can be dropped and public favour may in that way be somewhat recurried, but it is quite useless to fight against this attitude of sullen hostility, and to-day there is no Licensing Bill to be abandoned to popular clamour. The office-holders may attempt to buy, to bully, or to bamboozle the electors of the country, but it will not do. In the Midlothian campaign they tried all these things. Land for the people has been offered right and left, the horrors of Protection have been duly depicted to frighten the extremely timorous, and the inevitable duke has been dragged through the Radical mud, yet the old tricks and the new tricks have alike failed to bring about a rally.

Major Hope's victory shows no amazing figures, and we need not pretend that the Government are being blown out by a storm of furious indignation. They are simply going out on a calm sea, and the people of the country have not the least intention to tow them back. Various new schemes will probably be started, but Unionists need not feel any extreme anxiety, for the land cry was only raised at a moment of desperation and it has failed absurdly to attract public favour. Mr. Outhwaite, the self-appointed high advocate of the single tax, has been exceeding busy in Midlothian, and the result of the election can only be taken by him as a box on the ear. On this point, by the way, some genuine congratulations may be offered to the party to which he belongs, for, since his victory at Hanley, he has become a perfect nuisance to them. Thus, in their latest reverse, the orthodox Liberals may find at least one consoling factor, for the rank and file will surely unite with their leader in the task of suppressing Mr. Outhwaite after his disastrous raid across the Border. It is true he performed lately the wonderful feat of keeping a seat for the Government, but even for that they will scarcely pardon him the other losses which he seems resolved to bring them. Scotland hugs its Liberalism, and even in Midlothian the old traditions must still be strong. Loyalty to a great leader did, indeed, induce the electors to swallow some rather distasteful Irish whisky long ago, but no man in his senses could have imagined that they would accept a new and bitter drink from the hands of a man whose only claim to consideration lies in his being the reputed agent of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. When Mr. Lloyd George comes back from his holiday, who knows, he may have to tell the raider that unauthorised programmes can only be launched by those who have a certain weight of authority behind them. Meanwhile, we may take it that the Prime Minister and his particular following are rejoicing at the thought that, after

the verdict of Midlothian, no man of influence will be over-anxious to name himself father to this still-born child. Without this awkward encumbrance the Government may cling together for a while longer, yet it is difficult to see what great thing they will accomplish since the public has come to view their every act with shrewd suspicion. We suppose they will go on, even as does a clock when the figures have been erased from its face and its hands removed.

What does Labour, what do the advanced intellectualists of Labour, think of Midlothian? One turned to the "Clarion", which is now taken in at the Tory clubs, for some light and leading. But it was the wrong number. It was apparently the general culture number: it contained a statement that Shelley and Tennyson are second raters as poets, but Morris will go on for ever; it contained also a long article designed to show, not that there is no Liberal party worth considering, but that there ain't no God, there ain't. But the million need not take this too much to heart. Probably when the Liberal party has been clean wiped out, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer and even the Secretary to the Treasury guillotined on Tower Hill as a sort of Girondists, the "Clarion" will invent a Supreme Being and organise a feast on His behalf; for history must repeat itself when the makers of it are somewhat wanting in originality.

But however unconcerned the Labour intellectualists may be in Midlothian and its result, matter for thought is given by the presence of Provost Brown in the fight. The Labour candidate is reported to have polled within a hundred votes of his expectations, which means that he never seriously intended to take his seat at Westminster, and that his candidature was only meant to damage one of his rivals. It is useless to say that he was merely testing the strength of his party, for from the first he knew that he would only be displaying their weakness. Probably he took away from Major Hope the votes of some who always are against the Government, but nobody imagines that this was his reason for standing. At Hanley, at Crewe, and at Oldham we have seen this same determination in the Labour men to obstruct the Radical candidates whose promises they mistrust. By all reports we shall see still more of it in the near future, but the mutiny in the constituencies has not extended to the House of Commons, nor will it do so. The Labour M.P. who has once gained his seat and its perquisites is no longer the terrible fellow that he was. His wordy attacks on the Treasury Bench are insignificant, for his vote is at the bidding of the Government Whip except when the Government can rely on Unionist support, and then, of course, it is quite safe for Labour and its leaders to give expression to their convictions. The loss of a seat, brought about partly through Labour complications, does not immediately endanger the salaried men in the House, but these wise men quite well know that their defection as a body would bring about the sudden wreck in which they themselves would perish.

Labour might have no objection to playing Charlotte Corday to the Liberals' Marat; but, unlike Charlotte, Labour would violently object to being itself extinguished by the deed.

KITTLE CATTLE.

LORD MORLEY describes the speeches on the First Home Rule Bill as abounding in "eloquent prophecy of disaster on one side and blessing on the other. Neither prophecy", he goes on, "was demonstrable; both could be made plausible". That was twenty-six years ago, and now we are prophesying again. It is natural enough, for no one makes laws, least of all Irish laws, for their own sake, but only for the sake of the results. We have, however, learnt something about Ireland in these twenty-six years, and it is open to question whether prophecies of blessing can still be made plausible, and yet more whether prophecies of disaster are not demonstrable. Take what is in itself quite a detail of administrative routine—the

closing of ports to prevent the spread of foot-and-mouth disease—and observe how the Irish Nationalist is behaving. About the facts there is no dispute. Foot-and-mouth disease did undoubtedly break out at Swords, near Dublin; it was undoubtedly introduced from Ireland into England; it is still undoubtedly raging in Ireland. Therefore the conclusion would seem to follow beyond all possibility of cavil that the ports of Great Britain must be kept closed to Irish cattle.

Such an arrangement does not suit the Irish farmer. He relies on making a good sum of money out of the sale of his stock in England, and, by true Irish irony, it is the best farmer who is hardest hit. The men who got their farms before Mr. Birrell stopped the operations of Mr. Wyndham's Act want the money to pay their purchase instalments. To them Nationalism has indeed proved a curse. Cattle disease is not raging over the whole of Ireland; on the contrary, large districts are probably untouched. But the British Board of Agriculture has laid all Ireland under a ban. It has been forced to do so because it cannot rely on the Irish veterinary staff. And why not? Because of the Nationalists. It is they who have captured the Irish Board of Agriculture, made of it a machine for political propaganda, and staffed it for their purpose. Thanks to their work the Irish farmer finds himself threatened with bankruptcy. Yet, instead of doing their utmost to repair the results of their mischief-making, the Nationalists only consider what use they shall make of their new political weapon.

This is how the Nationalist views the situation: The closing of the ports of Great Britain is embarrassing to Ireland. Therefore Great Britain ought to reopen her ports. There is no doubt that Mr. Redmond, with his block of Parliamentary voters, can bring pressure to bear on the British Government. The question is whether the mere threat of pressure will be enough. Suppose the British Government stands firm for once. Mr. Redmond will then have committed himself too deeply to draw back. To keep his hold on his people in Ireland he will have to carry out his threat, and refuse support in the lobby. But then what will become of Home Rule?—for after Midlothian it cannot be seriously supposed, in Nationalist quarters, that another general election would leave the Radicals still in office.

No doubt Mr. Redmond will find a way, probably by raising the direct issue and trusting to the Opposition to vote with Ministers. But at least there is reason for hoping that a mere threat will not suffice. The British Board of Agriculture is quite a respectable institution, which has done good work in dealing with the recent outbreaks, and has a reputation to maintain. Moreover, it has had its warning. Not long ago it took the risk of accepting cattle from Dundalk. Through Dundalk the disease was again conveyed to England, and the Board repaired its mistake as quickly as it could. We may be sure, then, that Mr. Runciman will not lend a ready ear to the Irish demand, though we cannot be so sure that the Cabinet will heed Mr. Runciman's objections.

All this bears directly on the Home Rule Bill. The theory of the Bill is that the Parliament in Dublin will be subordinate, will recognise itself as such, and will go to work on the lines planned out for it by its Radical creators. In this matter of cattle disease we see what Nationalist acceptance of subordination is worth. It cannot be disputed that the interests of the British stock-breeder demand the present embargo on Irish cattle. But Irish Nationalism cares nothing for that; it does not even care for the best interests of the Irish stock-breeder, for it is quite willing to spread cattle disease in the very country from which Ireland gets its pedigree beasts. Irish Nationalism only sees the immediate fact that exclusion is inconvenient to Ireland here and now, and at once, without thought of the consequences, it begins to scheme for forcing the reversal of British administrative practice.

That is altogether the Nationalist way, and it is a thoroughly bad way. We may leave it to the other side to make what they can out of the influence of

sentiment upon Nationalist policy; no sentimental plea can cover the fact that this is not good business, and pounds, shillings and pence are very cogent arguments. The essential point is that Ireland is now entirely dependent upon the British Exchequer. But for the millions it has contributed the agrarian trouble would never be overcome. But for the millions that it is intended to contribute a Home Rule Parliament would be inconceivable. As a mere matter of business, then, Irish Nationalism should shrink from the idea of spreading foot-and-mouth disease in Great Britain. Such a policy cannot pay. Its enforcement would tell on British revenue, and where would Ireland be then? The point is slurred. Nationalism does not think of these things. It sees an opportunity of indulging in its favourite anti-British passion, and if it hesitates that is only from the fear of spoiling an even better chance hereafter.

People will make excuses. These Irish patriots—their warm hearts are wrung by the sufferings of their compatriots! They have seen how the suffering can be redressed, and have naturally desired to apply so obvious a remedy. But when it is pointed out to them that the consequences of the remedy would be disastrous, they will drop the idea. We do not believe a word of it. The thing is fudge. We do not believe in the warm hearts of cattle-whackers and would-be cattle-disease spreaders, systematic boycotters, nor is there anything in the history of the Irish Parliamentary party which suggests that its members have the slightest regard for the prosperity of the larger island. Not even Mr. Keir Hardie throws mud more persistently at men working for the good of the Empire than Mr. Dillon. Who wrecked the House of Commons? The Irish. Who inflicted the Budget on the British people? The Irish. Who broke the Constitution? The Irish. No sane man can suppose that the Parliament Act expresses the desires of British Radicalism or of the faction which claims to represent labour. It expresses Mr. Redmond's desires. It remains a legislative abortion because it suits Mr. Redmond's purposes. In all things, great and small, the Irish Parliamentary party at Westminster and its caucus in Ireland have aimed at the discomfiture and discredit of what they now attempt to delude us by declaring the predominant partner. They are all disloyalists towards England. This question of the export of cattle has arisen suddenly, and has destroyed the carefully calculated appearance of goodwill. It is an opportune development. The past is full of evidence that those who saw disaster in Home Rule were justified. What we now want is present evidence, and we shall find it not in stage-managed expressions of drilled opinion, but in the little incidents that reveal the truth. The agitation for the free export of diseased cattle to England is one of those incidents. It proves that at heart the Irish Nationalist is still England's enemy.

THE RUIN OF THE SMALL HOLDER.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, with an eye to capturing the rural electorate, recently inveighed against the "shackles of feudalism"; then the Liberal party hacks were set to work to manufacture a cry against rural landowners for the coming autumn campaign.

A fitting commentary on the absurd attitude which the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with his usual impetuosity, has taken against private owners of land, is the present plight of small holders created under the Liberal Small Holdings Act; for it is safe to say that in thousands of cases those who have small holdings will not only be unable to pay their rents and to meet their other obligations, but will be refused all financial relief by the local bodies (their landlords), whose shackles are already intolerable. And it may here be pointed out as worth remembering that, of the 10,529 persons who have obtained small holdings since the Act came into existence, no less than 2644 were let to the tenants direct by the private owners; this number representing 32,000 acres out of a total of 132,240 acres.

It thus appears that our rural people, who have been given no facilities by the Liberals to become owners, are by no means all convinced that it is better to rent from a local body than from private individuals; and we doubt not that to them the owners of the land will give that measure of relief which is being denied to the tenants of local bodies.

Consider the plight of these last in a season like this, which has been as abnormally wet and cold as last season was abnormally dry and warm. They have commonly no reserve of capital, and now that troubles have come they will emerge, if at all, with the greatest difficulty. We fully expect very many of them will have to give up, which might have been prevented by energy and foresight in the Government, who should have established a system of credit banks. Those holders who grew corn and hay have seen their fields yield considerably under the average this year, whilst in thousands of cases we fear both crops have been entirely spoilt, especially in the eastern part of the country. Potatoes, an important crop with nearly all small holders, are badly diseased almost everywhere. As to fruit, the year on the whole will not be remunerative; and vegetables will not make up for a tithe of the other losses.

Such being the position, and knowing what is the usual attitude of private landlords to their distressed tenantry, what is likely to be that of local bodies next rent day to the tenantry renting under them? We can get a good idea from information which has reached us from various sources. For instance, a recent application was sent in to the Small Holdings Committee of a County Council for an allowance from the half-year's rent last due. The application was refused, after inquiry and delay. In another case, where the land had been leased by the County Council from the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, the small holders petitioned for "a permanent reduction" in their rents or, as an alternative, for a rebate on the last half-year's rent. The Council have refused the latter; but they appear to be willing to grant the former if they themselves are allowed a similar reduction by the Woods and Forests Department—which is not at all likely. In a further case the small holders asked their County Council for an abatement from the past half-year's rent; and also that a portion of it might remain until next rent day. Neither request was granted. Elsewhere the tenants are being prosecuted for their overdue rents by the County Council. Another half-year's rent will be due this month, when the position of the men will be worse than ever. The whole business, in fact, is extremely sad; and we do not hesitate to ascribe the calamitous results in the main to the unfortunate Act; to the lack of rural credit banks; and to the lack of a wise and extended system of co-operation both for purchase and for sale.

The Liberal party are unfortunately more interested in capturing the votes of the rural labourers than in accomplishing sound, statesmanlike reforms. In this they are repeating the disgraceful policy of 1906. Up to that period they were all in favour of the labourers becoming owners of land; but when in that year they saw the Labour party would not support a peasant proprietary system, they threw the idea over without any qualms of conscience. The result is a Small Holdings Act under which the men who obtain small holdings do so as tenants of local authorities, which are bound to prove harsh landlords. Such authorities do not and cannot show to their tenants that compassion or those little acts of kindness which are commonly shown by private owners. If any of the members did, out of kindness, make any financial concessions to the small holders, the concessions would be at the expense of the other ratepayers, and the Local Government Board auditor at his next visitation would promptly surcharge the members for doing so. The Liberal party, however, do not in reality care anything about the small holders. They want votes. It is with that object that the new cry to be based on the alleged shackles of feudalism is to be trumpeted throughout the land.

There is some reason to believe that the cry will fall

flat; and we say this after a careful investigation throughout the country. Much depends, however, on the combined and sustained attitude and effort of Unionists. It is true the rural labourers have not got cheap food from the Liberals, that they have an Insurance Act which is most unpopular, and that other things may be placed to the discredit of and do damage to the Liberal party; but so far as Unionists are concerned negative criticism is of comparatively little use, and therefore they must be fully prepared with a rural policy which, whilst appealing to the rural community of all classes, will be at once sound and progressive. Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Bonar Law have sanctioned the programme of land purchase, rural housing, credit banks, and a more sane agricultural education for the children attending village elementary schools; and herein—combined with a considerable measure of relief to agricultural occupiers of land from those financial burdens which are largely national rather than local in their character—Unionists have a policy which appeals to all three classes on the land. Unionist Bills have indeed this year been introduced on these four matters, but the Government, of course, will do nothing to help them.

It is, however, necessary that Unionists who speak on rural affairs should do so with knowledge and real sympathy. It is not enough to outline a policy to an audience: it is far more essential to explain it, and to do so with knowledge and sympathy. Country people are quick to detect these in a speaker or worker; and they will usually give their support to men who have them.

REWARDS OF LITERATURE.

THAT Mr. Andrew Lang has left twelve thousand pounds will of course be seized upon by all who desire to argue that under modern conditions real literary skill can earn something more than a bare living; but their opponents will justifiably crush them by retorting that this is an exceptional case which proves the rule. Mr. Lang was not only an author; but he was reader to a firm of publishers of the highest reputation and stability, a position not won by luck, and doubtless not retained without a continued and strenuous exercise of his literary capacities. The actual number of volumes for which he was responsible is not so remarkable, from a literary point of view, as the number of subjects with which he proved himself competent to deal; the man who has a light hand in kneading the intricacies of verse cannot usually be expected to possess also the patience and energy necessary to the historian and ethnologist. An exceptional ability breaks rules; Victorian and Edwardian literature has been made to pay—with a comfortable margin.

It is perhaps unnecessary to do more than hint that there is a difference between what Mr. Barrie calls that terrible thing, a Scotchman "on the make", and the usual literary genius, with all the traditional carelessness of reward associated with the artistic temperament; but it is obviously one thing to make bread-and-butter out of imaginative literature and another to earn a seven-course dinner out of historical devilling. Milton received five pounds for "Paradise Lost"; this is a "fact" constantly reiterated in the "Answers to Questions" column of our popular illiterate-literary weeklies, which nevertheless fail to point out the economic value of five pounds in the year 1667. Actually he left nine hundred pounds, which nowadays would be worth some three thousand pounds. Macaulay received more than three times that amount in a single cheque. We submit, however, that Milton's name stands higher on the scroll than Macaulay's; just as we consider Meredith a greater writer than the author of "East Lynne". But we cannot flatter ourselves that as many million copies of Meredith's novels have been sold as of Mrs. Henry Wood's. In our own day there is a woman writer of fiction—not the one of whom anyone over thirty years of age will think first, but a later one promising her eclipse—who is rumoured

to have written a novel with a view to refurnishing her drawing-room out of the profits. That novel has gone right round the world, although—or because—it is not a piece of work that the critic sets on his shelf beside Meredith or Stevenson; and the author, on a modest computation, must have earned enough to furnish two or three hundred drawing-rooms expensively. Genius continues to inhabit garrets; the successful author can afford to finance a bye-election once a month.

Such has been, is, and apparently always will be the condition of letters in our country; any literary Englishman who observes that Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" is in its three hundred and fiftieth thousand, as it was the last time we picked up a copy, may well turn green with envy of our innately literary neighbours. Probably the French national habit of shrugging the shoulders could be traced back to the period at which they first learned the quality of the literature which achieves a like sale in England. And yet it is at once an awful and comforting thought that in France there may be literary men who deny M. Rostand admission to their charmed circle, and who live by taking in one another's presentation copies, even as has been known to happen in the literary coterie of London. Quis, in short, judicabit? Where in desperation are we to turn to find the ultimate criterion? The connoisseur may seek consolation in a philological parallel between the word "popular" and the word "vulgar", but the consolation is as cold as the mutton to which he comes home. Literature does not pay.

The wages of sin is death and postage-stamps. Artemus Ward, himself a "literary fellow", was not the first to discover that truth, though the expression of it is characteristic enough. We conceive him to have been moralising on the axiom that a time-server's reward is temporal, not eternal. The man who sets out to court popular favour may make money, and the kind of bubble reputation that money brings, but he does not acquire fame, "are perennius". (Horace undoubtedly used "brass" in a modern sense.) That this is true, at any rate of our bovine public, which requires that a generation or two should elapse before the hall-mark may be set on a book, has been lately realised by the parties responsible for the prolongation of the period of copyright. If this principle be progressively extended by future ages, the wages of pure literature may still be death to its author, but will certainly be posthumous postage-stamps to take his grandchildren off the Civil Pension List or the rates. In contemporary civilisation, just as the millionaire manufacturer quietens the conscience of his old age by charity and benefits to those whose noses have been ground in his own mills, our public occasionally awakes to the fact that So-and-So's great nephew is in the workhouse, and that as they now enjoy So-and-So's works they ought to reward his memory vicariously.

Here steps in Socrates, the corrupter of youth and the devastator of youth's pleasant dreams. Where is that process, which obviously cannot be extended indefinitely, to stop? How many generations are to be held entitled to enjoy the profits of their ancestor's literary genius? Are we sociologically justified in emancipating his grandsons from the union? Ought we to refuse even to his son the right of living on the fruits which he may think he was born to consume? Surely, then, a man is right if he produces a commodity which enables him to keep himself in comfort; and provided the world demands the greatest happiness for the greatest number, a man who would live by writing must make the greatest number happy. The nearest equivalent to Socrates that England can produce—from Ireland—has pointed out through the mouth of one of his innumerable characters that a man has no more right to consume happiness without producing an equal amount of happiness than he has to consume wealth without producing its equivalent. How then, my literary friend, can you expect the world to make you happy if you only give it pure literature, which is notoriously depressing? The literary friend can hardly retort except by fetching the cup of hemlock.

If only we knew something about Shakespeare, we in England might feel ourselves entitled to speak with authority on the rewards of literature. Nobody denies that he had genius; the vast majority consider him the one genius. No reader can avoid the conclusion that he is at the height of imagination in his tragedies, and you cannot pretend that tragedy is popular. It is equally obvious that he consistently sought, in certain plays and in certain scenes, to tickle the ears of the groundlings, whether by appeals to their sense of humour or by eliciting the satisfaction of feeling patriotic. He is said to have retired a rich man, and to have bought lands and houses; yet the British public did not discover him until he had been dead for more than a century. Assuming the truth of the legends, we may assume that his old age was happy; but it is impossible to allege that his contemporaries paid him all that they owed, and subsequent generations have appropriated his virtues to adorn the record of England, while continuing to neglect their own mute impecunious Miltons.

THE CITY.

WITH fears of heavy withdrawals of gold and the unsettled political situation in the Balkans the Stock Exchange might be in a high state of nervousness; but no sign of it appears except in gilt-edged securities. As a matter of fact the position in the Near East has caused very little apprehension. Bulgarian issues have declined to a trifling extent, but Turkish securities are distinctly strong in anticipation of peace with Italy, and Greek stocks have made a further advance on rumours of a scheme of unification of the public debt. Consols have been the weakest of all Government securities, and the explanation is that anxiety in regard to the monetary outlook has induced liquidation of bull commitments, accompanied by bear selling, and as the Government broker has held aloof from the market there has been very little support. For the present money is fairly plentiful, and although business is quieter than it was a few weeks ago speculative markets are well patronised by operators who can afford to ignore the sensitiveness of the premier security and mean to take advantage of cheap money while it lasts.

Fine traffic returns and the excellent Board of Trade figures for August have failed to make much impression in the Home Railway market. Prices are firm for most stocks, with special attention devoted to the more speculative descriptions. The Underground group has been particularly favoured on the reiteration of rumours of a working agreement between the principal companies. Metropolitans, Districts, and the "tube" lines have commanded a good following, and East Londons were in demand in anticipation of the benefits to be derived from electrification. Business in South Easterns and Chathams has been stimulated by good developments reported in the Kent coalfields.

The agitation against the increase of capital by the Canadian Pacific Company is wearing itself out. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the president of the company, has given a complete answer to the points made by the opposition, and the only matter of vital interest now is the price at which the new stock will be offered to the shareholders. That will probably be announced at the meeting next month. The stock has been sold rather heavily from Berlin, where preparations are being made to tide over the monetary stringency at the end of the quarter, but the realisations have been easily absorbed, and the quotation remains firm. Grand Trunks, on the other hand, are a dull market, the last weekly traffic increase of £10,000 being below general expectations.

In Wall Street business is very quiet. Good crop reports and an encouraging trade outlook are overshadowed by the menace of tight money, as the condition of the banks' reserves is by no means strong, having regard to the heavy financial requirement for

moving the crops. Foreign Rails show irregularity. Holders of San Paulos are still disturbed by the threat of a competitive line to be built by the Brazil Railway group, but at the same time several of the Farquhar stocks have declined under the lead of Brazil Common. Argentine securities keep firm; but Mexican Rails have been disturbed by fears that the United States may intervene in the political situation in Mexico, which might lead to further bloodshed and damage to property.

The carry-over in Kaffir and Rhodesian shares disclosed a larger bull account than had been expected; but prices have been very well maintained, especially in the "deep" Rand shares. Diamonds have recorded occasional reactions, though still in good favour on dividend prospects, and Coppers are somewhat erratic. In West Africans, Anglo-Continentials have been bought on rumours of favourable developments.

Rubber shares are less active owing to lower prices at the Mincing Lane sales, which were nevertheless satisfactory in view of the record quantity of rubber offered. The statistical outlook is very healthy, although it is suggested that the unsold stocks are being under-estimated. Greater interest is now shown in the Oil share market, in which dealers are anticipating increased activity during the autumn.

In the Industrial markets Cements have been strongly bought, as it is expected that the annual report, now nearly due, will be very encouraging. Brewery stocks continue in favour, and a renewal of demand has developed for shares in electric light companies. Nitrate descriptions are recovering under the strong lead of Rosarios, which are "talked" considerably higher, and the remarkable activity in trade is being reflected in improving prices for Shipping shares.

The Sakhalin Oil Fields, Limited, with a capital of £355,000, are issuing on Monday at par 150,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each. The company has been formed with the particular purpose of acquiring petroliferous territory in the island of that name, and it is estimated that the profit per annum from ten wells would be equal to a dividend of over 25 per cent. on the capital.

SIR HENRY WOOD'S LOST CHANCE.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

IT would be preposterous if I allowed it to be thought that every evening of the week sees me fixed in an everlasting seat at the Promenade concerts. Some of my friends might politely suggest that I had acquired the gentle art of being in two places at once, since I have indisputably been elsewhere on several evenings—more evenings than would have been the case a few years ago. I regret to be compelled to own that the Proms. have to an extent lost their ancient seductiveness. To sprawl in a comfortable seat and pull at a pipe, while the sounds of sweet harmony creep in mine ear, has lost its former zest, because, though the harmony is as sweet as ever, it has by infinite repetition grown a little stale. The list of novelties, long and inspiring though it looked in the prospectus, works out a little thin and, so to speak, casual. An item appears in a programme, it is played, and, like a bird bound for other climes, it passes, never to return. Nothing solid is effected; there is a perfunctory air about the whole business; one is left with a feeling that Sir Henry Wood does not really wish to play these things. And the bulk of the programmes is made up of music for which familiarity is in serious danger of breeding contempt. A Promenade concert this year is very like one of last year, and that in turn like one of the year before. In a word, Sir Henry has got into a rut. I suppose so long as the hall is crowded every night he will continue in it; and this is a sad look-out for those of us who at one time could trust to having an evening's enjoyment whenever we went to a Prom.

Surely, in the long run, the whole policy at Queen's Hall must prove disastrous. After all, how many thousand lovers of these concerts may there be in

London? Not enough for there to be continually a fresh audience. Even musical comedies have to terminate their runs at last; the most successful of melodramas at last finds the booking growing a trifle weak. Only Sir Henry goes on trusting that Wagner and Tchaikowsky, with a sprinkling of Sibelius and the minor Russians, will fill Queen's Hall for ever. But the habitués are already tiring, and the supply of fresh-comers must get exhausted; and suddenly one day the whole enterprise will fade and grow pale, like the gods in "The Rhinegold": then it will cease to be, and all efforts to revive it will be futile. As things go at present, five years from now we shall be speaking mournfully of the great days when the Proms. were the Proms. I cannot understand why the goose that lays the golden eggs should thus ruthlessly be slaughtered. It would be easy for Sir Henry to get the permanent support of a large body of concert-goers by giving us a larger variety of the works of the "generally acknowledged" masters, instead of sticking to two or three "favourite" works of each, and also by playing each of the novelties, at any rate the English novelties, a few times during the season. The production of a new composition by an Englishman at the Proms. means absolutely nothing. Strauss, Sibelius, Ravel and the rest are played until the music becomes known to the public: no English composer is given such a chance. Be a work never so successful, Sir Henry scarcely ever alters his procedure: a piece which has roused the audience to frenzied enthusiasm is put on the shelf alongside of things which have bored one half of the audience and nearly put the other half to sleep. This is not playing the game with English musicians. If their work should be lucky enough to win public approval, it is merely fair to composers and public alike that it should be given again; if Sir Henry thinks it worth playing at all, the fact of a failure with the populace ought to be a stimulus to him to play it again and force the public to accept his view. By avoiding doing so Sir Henry is alienating from him the rising generation of English musicians; and unless his sole aim is to feather his nest with the object of retiring ere the bad days come, his policy must be reckoned suicidal. In the year 1922 we may with confidence anticipate a book of reminiscences, "The Art of Committing Artistic Suicide by Degrees", by Sir Henry J. Wood. I am not alone in protesting against the manner in which the Proms. are conducted at present. In the daily Press and the musical papers indignant and sarcastic letters have appeared. Sir Henry Wood and Mr. Newman from the beginning have claimed support on the ground that they meant to do much for English music. So far, candour compels me to assert, they have done exactly nothing. They think it an ample excuse for doing nothing to say they can make a little more money by doing nothing than they would make by pressing a little English music on their huge audiences. The policy is an insane one.

There is one thing we have to be thankful for. No longer is the pushful Musco crammed so persistently into our unwilling ears. Of course, there is plenty of Tchaikowsky—too much; but it is not as Musco his music counts. It is a "draw", like Wagner. I cannot speak of the Glazounoff Introduction and Dance, played on Tuesday night, as it hardly seemed worth while going as far from my domicile as Queen's Hall to hear a fresh work by a composer whose best things I would not walk a hundred yards to hear. Elgar's new songs will be dealt with at the end of this article. A performance of a new concerto, by a young German composer, Johann Sebastian Bach, unfortunately occurs too late for notice this week. But Bach has waited a little time for recognition in this country, and doubtless will be content to wait peacefully a little longer. After condemning so roundly Sir Henry's choice of programmes, and especially his frightful failure to do justice to our own composers, I must in fairness concede the magnificent playing of his band. Even in pieces which he has made far too hackneyed, the clear, rich tone and the impeccable phrasing of the Queen's Hall orchestra are a delight. If only the stereotyped Beethoven selection, Mozart selection, Tchaikowsky selec-

tion, could be shelved for a while and replaced by some other selections, there would still be hope.

While waiting to hear the new Elgar songs, let me give a little space to a matter which is being brought before the public just now and will soon be brought before Parliament—the unfair pay and general treatment of theatrical choristers. A number of gentlemen who know little or nothing of the circumstances in which operatic enterprises are carried on are actively engaged, I am told, in the preparation of a Bill for the establishment of a "minimum wage". I wish them joy. Their minimum will soon become a maximum; but if that maximum is higher than to-day's average there will not be a great deal to grumble about. But this is precisely what it will not be. Let me say before going further, that I am in full sympathy with anyone who wishes to improve the chorister's lot. But what can one do for a crowd of men and women who will do nothing to help themselves? Five hundred Acts of Parliament would not protect such people. They would agree verbally to accept anything the managers offered—accept it, and then go off to whine in private or by means of anonymous letters. The source of the trouble is that there are ten choristers for every place to be filled, and far too many of them, living comfortably at home with their parents, can afford to sing for next to nothing. They and their parents—heaven help them!—think the experience will be useful. How often shall I have to repeat, Once a chorus-singer always a chorus-singer, before the truth is believed? How often shall I have to point to the words written above that door in letters of fire: "All hope abandon ye who enter here"?

In no sense are the new songs very new: two at least seem familiar to me, though the accompaniments have been orchestrated, as I guess, by another hand than the composer's. The songs do not bear the additional weight—for a dead weight the band is, instead of a help. The words are paltry. We have heard this sort of thing often before—"Once in another land, ages ago, you were a queen, and I, I loved you so", etc. Three of the sets of verses set by Sir Edward Elgar are the trade-versifier's veriest fustian: many of the ladies and gentlemen who provide the drawing-room ballad writers with words to hang their tunes to could do better. Sir Edward makes matters worse by repeating lines and fragments of lines to fit so-called melodies that must surely have been jotted down beforehand. The one pretty thing was "And the wind went out to meet with the sun", in which there were some charming picturesque touches. But these compositions are not songs; Miss Gwladys Roberts, singing beautifully, could not make them sound beautiful or vocal. The accompaniments were coarsely played.

MR. GRANVILLE BARKER'S INHERITANCE.

By JOHN PALMER.

THE hero's difficulty to-day is less to be valiant in the assertion of right than to be sure he is not an ass. There are neither more nor less people than there usually are anxious to follow the way of honour; their difficulty is to find it. For instance, at a time when morality was comparatively a simple thing, the honourable man whose sanguine temperament had involved him in the responsibilities of a father before he had formally accepted the responsibilities of a husband had a plain and simple duty to perform. He must marry the "girl", or ever after be esteemed a heartless and a hateful villain. But we have changed all that. The modern expert in morality has pertinently asked wherefore, when the mischief is already done, it should be unnecessarily aggravated. He has pointed out that marriages, post hoc and propter hoc, are usually bad for the parties and bad for the children. Our hero, in fact, instead of facing an obvious duty, has in these days to face something infinitely more arduous and terrible—namely, a delicate and complicated problem in social ethics. The modern hero and

the modern villain are no longer supposed to deserve the laurel or the bastinado. What they really require is advice. Edward Voysey himself says something to the effect that it is one of the curses of civilisation that it puts the plain man more and more into the power of his experts. Certainly we seem at this time, when nothing in the world is good or bad, to be more in need of a public tribunal to settle what is right and what is wrong—to give us an expert and definitive moral ruling upon the stock situations of life—than of policemen and petty sessions. "Handy-dandy, which is the justice and which is the thief?"—for marriage is the most licentious of human institutions, and property is theft. One thing alone is clear—it is no longer possible for anyone to be a hero till he has read the Fabian essays. If he has not read the Fabian essays he will not know how.

Watching Mr. Granville Barker's "The Voysey Inheritance" on Monday evening filled me with an agreeable sadness. Mr. Granville Barker, as he chooses to be revealed in his plays, is double-hearted. Obviously he has a generous and instinctive admiration for fair women and brave men. Clearly he loves an adventure. He has a boyish delight in derring-do. Edward and Alice are the three musketeers, Harmodius and Aristogeiton, Pylades and Orestes—heroic comrades upon a romantic quest. Unhappily, Mr. Barker has an excessively active intelligence; and, in spite of his delight in heroes and of a suspicion that English drama dates back beyond the days of the Vedrenne-Barker season at the "Court" (1902 to 1905), he is compelled by a pitiless prompting of the modern spirit to exhibit his personages as more interested to discover whether they are really commendable than enjoying to be so. Hence a curious blend of intellectual casuistry (Mr. Barker's inheritance from Mr. Tanner) and heroic fervour (Mr. Barker's native and ineradicable possession). Edward Voysey, fronting the future undismayed, with a sense of character achieved and a duty to do, is a veritable King Arthur; and the Princess Alice to this Paladin is the oldest feminine figure of romance—at once the reward, shelter and sustainer of her shining Errant. These figures are not of yesterday and to-morrow; they are of every day. But Edward Voysey, debating whether to deliver himself to the police, wondering whether his father was a criminal or a philanthropist, and asking whether it is his duty to accept the risk of himself becoming a bad man, is a figure of 1905 precisely. He is already dead.

I do not know whether the dramatic critics of 1901 were at all excited about "The Marrying of Ann Leete". The production of "Ann Leete" should certainly have been regarded by the critics of that remote generation as an incredibly exciting and important occurrence. It is no exaggeration that, for a first play by an impudently young playwright, "Ann Leete" in 1901 was as rich in promise as "Love's Labour's Lost" in 1591. Here was a young author who had shut himself from the twentieth century (which even in its first year was already sick with self-importance) and produced a play strikingly individual, touched, if austere, with a genuine passion for the beautiful, and, in two at least of its characters, almost achieving the creative miracle. In the last passages of "Ann Leete" we seem to be watching the wonder of Pygmalion—the work of a young artist flushing faintly and beautifully into life.

What happened to the artistic soul of Mr. Granville Barker between 1901 and 1905 must be his private mystery. Unhappily, his private mystery became a public scandal in 1905 with the production of "The Voysey Inheritance". I do not know what the dramatic critics did about "The Voysey Inheritance"; but I know what they ought to have done. They ought to have gone into public mourning, and appeared in black ties for the rest of the season. The successor of "Ann Leete" should have been in the rank of "The Playboy of the Western World". But "The Voysey Inheritance" is merely in the rank of "Widowers' Houses". It is better than "Widowers' Houses",

and it is worse. It is less superficial, but it is not so brilliantly written.

I wonder if Mr. Barker is doomed to a perpetual frustration of the dramatist in the publicist, and of the publicist in the dramatist. In "The Voysey Inheritance" it is a drawn encounter. In "Waste" the dramatist has made a desperate effort, and the publicist retires hurt, but by no means disabled. In "The Madras House" the dramatist is absolutely routed. The conflict is so painfully evident when Mr. Barker's "The Voysey Inheritance" takes the stage that I seemed on Monday evening to be watching not so much a comedy of the Voyseys as a tragical, desperate and breathless mental upheaval of Mr. Barker. His fine instinct for drama—the finest I have yet encountered in a living writer—was perpetually in a round of fisticuffs with that other cursed spite of his nature (begotten somewhere and somewhen between 1901 and 1905)—the necessity to observe, to split, to analyse, to poke and peer about the byways of contemporary social values. Drama was continually knocked breathless, almost counted out once or twice; but it came manfully up to time in the last act, and finally planted upon its opponent a knock-out blow in the final scene between Edward and Alice.

Mr. Barker will have to choose between his two familiars; and the choice should not be difficult. He has neither the accomplished dialectical gift nor the dexterous wit of Mr. Bernard Shaw; and, even if he had, he would always be far too conscientious a writer to use them as a cover for the shallow places of his analysis and observation, as Mr. Shaw does so frequently and successfully. Mr. Barker should leave the twentieth century with its aches and pains to the hordes of clever young men whom they actively distress. He has a dramatic field of his own, which, since Mr. Mascfield failed of his earlier promise, is absolutely virgin and vacant. If Mr. Barker succeeds in exorcising his evil spirit, forgets he has ever seen a Chislehurst interior, or heard of the London County Council; if he shuts out the twentieth century, and leaves his imaginative gifts to their own devices, we shall yet see the successor of "Ann Leete". And that will be worth waiting for.

I have not space to speak of the "Kingsway" production. I need only say that, so far as the season's programme is at the moment fixed, it seems likely to include but two events of intellectual or artistic importance. One was the revival of "The Voysey Inheritance" at the "Kingsway" on Saturday last. The other will be the production of "The Winter's Tale" by Mr. Granville Barker at the "Savoy" on Saturday next. Miss Lillah McCarthy, whom I suspect, along with Mr. Granville Barker, of being more than a merely clever person, will play Hermione.

SHAKESPEARE'S APOCRYPHAL PREFACES.

VI.—"KING RICHARD III."

IN the exceeding fervour of the multitude that beyond all reason hath admired this evil history, my play is like to be pressed to death with thronging. I am the more fain to save it from so unsavoury an end, that my tragedy of King Richard, albeit it is journeyman's work, was the foundation of my present fortune.

Here, then, is a Richard of mine own begetting, whom I leave for the benefit of my reputation, and in despite of a hundred Richards that clamour to be fathered upon one that would die of shame to be seen in their company. For, what with villainous players that have conveyed my King into the likeness of an ape, and what with piratical printers that have conveyed my name and my text into their private pocket (for truly in the eye of law he that stealeth an author's ware stealeth trash) I am in a fair way, or, to speak more truly, in an exceeding foul way, to be both libelled and robbed, to the undoing as well of my name as of my estate. Wherefore I hereupon present you with King Richard as first he was fashioned, and give you my play with its pristine imperfections—a poor thing, but

at least mine own. I leave it, the product of the innocent unbreathed days, ere the unfleshed weapons of my mystery had, with much wielding, become in their stroke the absolute echo of mine intent. For though I might easily reform King Richard into a more credible likeness with his kind, and soften the rudeness of this earlier style, yet it might well happen that in reforming my play the old hand might prove to lack some secret touch that the young hand knew, and that Richard might haply be reformed, not a little and not much, but altogether. Let Richard rather be himself as the groundlings have loved him. Peradventure the play, though I would not have it received as the bouted product of my best years, will nevertheless find more friends hereafter if it appear humbly as an early and tender graft, than if I were painfully to cobbler and to patch and utter it forth again as finished ware.

I remember the day when, taking Richard for my prince of villains, I first perceived how a poet might charm their crosses from the vulgar, giving them more than their capacity was able to measure. For the people love a gallant and a moving tale, with blood in it, and spirits of dead men. Let but a tomb open its ponderous and marble jaws, and the many-headed fool will gape in sympathy. Let there be noise and fury to tickle the dull ears of their apprehension; let there be murder done, with thunder and lightning, and mad folk that jabber with the storm; let there be horrible revenges and black-hearted villains that do botch and bungle up strange mischiefs, and meet a fearful end. For if there be no such thing, your Jack, and your gentleman too, will not stay to hear whether it be wisdom that speaks in you, or whether it be folly; but will leave you preaching to a jointstool. Are there not bears to be baited for their pleasure, gamecocks to be let blood for their diversion, and brave spectacles to be encountered in the common street? Doth not the most excellent Privy Council mercifully provide for the entertainment of the Queen's poor subjects, ordaining that the fearsome and false traitors that have most damnably conspired against the peace and safety of the realm shall publicly be slaughtered and lopped of their wicked members? And if traitors be growing scarce in the land there is never any lack of beggars to be bloodily whipped through the town for the amusement of their betters. Soothly, if a poet must bid with his ware against these more delicate pleasures of the multitude he must stiffen his sinews to the task, summon up the savage, disguise the fairness of his nature with hard-favoured rage, and, with liberty of bloody hand, range through unimaginable cruelties, mowing down his creatures like grass, till in the end of all moonshine and chorus be left to bury the dead.

Having in this wise well pondered the habit and favour of the multitude, there came a time when I had nearly turned from the theatre and despaired of pleasing my masters without committing violence upon myself. King Richard was at this time my happy discovery that the vulgar will forgive what is excellent in a play, so long as they find the thing they most desire. Give them a tyrant that wades in blood and they will presently fall into an approving clamour, neglecting to observe that your tyrant is likewise a man. Give them a noble prince that speaks with his father's ghost, and is forthwith dedicated to horrible revenges, and they will forgive you the thought and fancy that went to his making, delighting in the common play that they love, and omitting to perceive all that the judicious will hereafter cherish and preserve for their delight. I have in pickle for my masters a most fearsome tragedy, wherein the daughters of an ancient king turn their father from the door to herd with shrieking madmen, and to contend in his weakness and passion with the cycless rage of the fretful elements. You shall see him strive in his little world of man to outscorn the sulphurous and thought-executing fires of the all-shaking thunder. These, being no more than the appurtenances of my adventure, will nevertheless cause it wonderfully to thrive in the public bosom, despite the virtue and boldness of my main attempt which is caviare to the general. Thus have I ever contrived it, since first I found in painting King

Richard blacker than himself that the vulgar will hate a villain with an equal rage, whether he be a monster or a man, and applaud a hero with equal spirit, whether God or a tailor made him.

Truly I have to my account a pretty tale of villains. As King Richard was my first, so do I keep for him a lively and a peculiar affection. A sincere and faithful villain should have an immeasurable contempt of his kind; delighting to view the world as an oyster to be opened for his enriching; taking an unbounded pleasure in the mere exercise of his wits upon the malleable foolish mass whose fate is ever to be led by the nose to perdition of their fortunes. His pride is in his subtlety and dexter wit as other men's pride is in their virtue. He rejoices to be the artificer of his fate and to play the superior devil, thinking to turn back the wheels of destiny in the self-esteem of an active intelligence. A born villain stoppeth the ears of conscience with the flattery of his mental parts, which whisper him continually that, as villainy is the natural offspring of his better wit, so is the bacon-fed virtue of hinds the issue of their thick and muddled apprehension. He delighteth to be subtle, false and treacherous, to lay plots, weave perilous inductions, and put his life at the fortune of a hazard. He hath a disposition of gall; but his wit is of a sanguine complexion.

These qualities be common to all plain-dealing villains that go to their business with a fa, sol, la, mi, and love their wicked enterprises as a cunning smith that works in silver and gold. I speak not now of them that do villainy against their conscience, moved by fond jealousy, soaring ambition, pious revenge, or envious hatred. For, when the soul is a conflict of native virtue with evil suggestion we are not invited to ponder the heart of a villain, but to look upon the little kingdom of man suffering the nature of an insurrection, when between the acting of a dreadful thing and the final issue the Genius and the mortal instruments are amazedly in council, and all is hideous and broken as a dream. Here is no study of a natural villain that delights to play the active devil with the world; but a thrall of conscience that dares to play the villain in his own despite. Such was the Thane of Glamis and of Cawdor that stepped in blood quite athwart the grain of his disposition. To call him villain were to commit plain villainy upon reason. Had the valiant Thane been compact and absolute villain he had not murdered sleep in the mere removal of an aged king.

It might here be well urged that a compact and absolute villain, being from his mother prone to the exercise of his wicked wits, and missing in himself the natural sting of conscience, could in no wise be troubled with the image of his deed; that a true and perfect villain could no more be conversible with a ghost than with the angels. Allowing this for plain truth, I must therefore deny that my Richard is plain villain; for in the end he is unable to sleep o' nights, and is most fearfully visited to his ultimate undoing in the day of proof. Herein you press me hard to show how Richard, delighting to paint his villainy upon the world, is in the issue like to be strangled with the working of his coward conscience, which, with a thousand tongues, summons to the bar his several sins to call down a vengeance for hateful deeds. If Richard be my prince of villains, why should the mere shadows of his sleeping brain have power to strike more terror to his soul than the substance of ten thousand soldiers? Why should he start at shadows, broodingly observe the lour of the sky, and pettishly cry out against the tardy and disdainful sun? If conscience be in his view but a word that cowards use, devised but to keep the strong in awe, wherefore is he afraid and frightened with false fire of omens?

Herein you have me countered and put to the wall. Were it not better to confess with a sad brow that Richard is no true villain, when all is said? He hath in him the makings of a pretty and perfect knave; but, alas! his wit did outrun his conscience, which followed after and tardily tripped him at the last. Observe that he hath in the beginning of his enterprise the too great eagerness in profession which ever marks the secret

bar to a single-breasted performance. He hath too great and conscious a zeal to play the devil, which shows him a man who hath rather acquired his villainy than was born to it. Brazenly he delighted to commit violence upon his conscience, and his conscience was most fearfully revenged. But the absolute knave can do no wrong upon his conscience, for his conscience is drowned in his wit. One already I have given to you perfect at all points in honest Iago, and I have to show you another most precious knave, Edmund of Gloster, that when he lay at point to die attempted one good deed, not in remorse for the evil he had effected, but in despite of his nature that loved and followed evil for its own sake.

Returning to my masters that clamour for blood, and love to measure the extremes of villainy and virtue in a short hour's traffic of the stage, I herewith aver once more that the tragedy of King Richard was the beginning of my present method, which briefly is to lift my play to so lofty a height of passion and to fix the mind in so removed a spirit of contemplation that the horrors in which the multitude delight may slip by unnoted of the judicious. It is mine intent that the mere physical terrors that win the approbation of vulgar men shall be dwarfed and perceived as of little moment beside the more passionate and mighty issues of the soul. So shall the multitude sup full of terrors, and ignorantly catch at the fringes of my invention, whereas the wiser sort are enabled to pierce me to the heart.

A GUIDE TO CORNWALL.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

AS a man is jealous of a woman, so are people jealous of Cornwall. Everyone who knows it thinks that he alone understands its secret; he wishes to possess it for himself, or, if it must be revealed to others, that they may see it through his eyes. The part of Cornwall that he knows best is the real Cornwall, and anyone who does not share his knowledge inevitably remains ignorant of what is best and truest in the land. This is because Cornwall is essentially one of those countries which everyone must learn and discover for himself; and discover, not by looking upon it from the outside with the eye of a visitor, but by living in it, belonging to it, even if it be only for a few weeks or months, and regarding the rest of the world from a Cornish point of view. I am not going to dogmatise about what is the real Cornwall; but I know that it has not yet been revealed in a book written for the guidance of strangers. Such a book lies before me now—a solid volume of three hundred and fifty pages, with many illustrations, entitled "The Cornish Coast and Moors".* It is written by Mr. A. G. Folliott-Stokes, and reveals a considerable topographical knowledge of the country, as well as a genuine love for it. It even reveals understanding of Cornwall and the Cornish people on the part of the writer, but it does not communicate that understanding to the reader. This should have been a really good book, whereas I am afraid it is only a book which most people will say is good—a very different thing. And as I have read through its pages and followed the author through scenes that are well known to me, I have wondered what it is that is missing; and why it is that, although the book is so exact in the information it gives, it should be so entirely lacking in the charm and character of the country it describes? And I have been driven to the conclusion that it is because the author set himself a quite impossible task. He has walked right round the Cornish coast by the coast-guard path, from Marsland to the Hamoaze, with a definite end in view—to describe the scenery. "If this book has any *raison d'être*", he says in his preface, "it is because it is an attempt to describe the scenery of the Duchy's incomparable coast and moorlands by one who loves it and believes it to possess an unique æsthetic value."

* Greening and Co. 1912. 12s. 6d. net.

In that sentence is to be found the reason why this book, which is probably the best and most complete of its kind, fails both as literature and as a guide to Cornwall. "An attempt to describe the scenery of the Duchy's incomparable coast and moorlands"—the greatest descriptive writer living might shrink from such a task, and Mr. Folliott-Stokes is not a great descriptive writer. He has only half the necessary equipment for his task—the eye to see and the brain to understand. He has not the power to communicate what he sees through the medium of letters; and small blame to him, since he uses another medium with so much success. But what is melancholy is that anyone should set out to describe stolidly, mile by mile, point by point, the scenery of a country at all. That very word "scenery" has come to be an abomination, and is responsible for more blindness and inartistic blundering than any other relic of the self-conscious æsthetic attitude of the Albert period. Consider the attitude of mind of the scenery hunter. "There is a fine bit of scenery on the coast six miles away", he says in the morning, consulting his guide-book, "I must go and see it." And so he proceeds to the spot where he understands that Nature has arranged a set scene for him to look at. He is blind to everything on the way, because his mind is fixed on what he has read about. When he arrives he takes trouble to find out what is the exact point from which he should look at the view, lest he should get a "wrong" instead of a "right" view of the scenery. When he has arrived there, and there is nothing else to be done, he looks at it. Of course he remarks on its grandeur; and when he has stood there self-consciously for about ten minutes he has a feeling that it is time to move on to the next thing, and probably says, "What about lunch?" If he is an honest man he is aware of a little disappointment in the scenery; it does not give him the thrills which he expected from the guide-book description; in his secret heart he feels it to be very like other scenery which he has looked upon; he supposes, honest soul, that it is some artistic defect in himself which deprives him of the promised raptures. The truth is that what he sees he sees not naturally but self-consciously; he has been told to see it, he has come to see it, he knows that thousands of other people have been told to see it and have come to see it, and have trotted out their cheap automatic admiration for it; and it is no more thrilling than a well-painted and beautifully arranged set scene in a theatre. All this is asking too much of Nature. She has but the same material for her scenery all the world over—stones and rocks, the sea, the clouds in the sky, grass and trees and flowers; and laboriously she and the centuries do their best to build up this into a set scene. "Very fine", says the tourist, looking at it for ten minutes, "and the next bit of scenery is four miles away", or two, or one, as the case may be; and he plods on, constantly fitting what he sees into the little frame of his ideas of the picturesque until he has looked upon all of Nature's passable imitations of the guide-book photographs, and, arriving at the end of his itinerary, he feels that he has seen all the scenery. And so he has; but he has not seen any of the country. The lovely things in the world to be seen in perfection should be come upon by accident, and discovered for oneself. For me, at any rate, there is no pleasure in being taken to look at a view. I love it if I find it for myself; but I would rather miss it altogether than be led up to it, deliberately planted in an eligible position and told, "There now, admire it".

Now the author of this book is no tourist, nor do I believe that he himself is a scenery hunter. He is an artist and a lover of Cornwall; but, like so many others, he has conceived the disastrous notion that people want to have scenery catalogued and described for them. This he has done as well as he can; and he has not done it very well. Even judged by his own plan, his sense of proportion seems more than once to have failed him. The chapter on S. Ives—a town which he probably knows as well as anyone living—begins with the words, "The town of S. Ives contains about

seven thousand inhabitants". Who in the world cares to learn that from a book of this kind? But even that sentence is preferable to the next: "It is well situated at the extremity of a fine bay to which it gives its name, and which is famous for its almost Mediterranean colour"—and so on, in the most approved style of the railway guide-book. Here is a man who knows S. Ives, who lives in it and who paints it, and who has nothing better than this to tell to the person whom he constantly addresses as "dear reader". Of its atmosphere, of its extraordinary greyness in certain lights, its mediæval construction, of that amazing sunset beauty that has made it the despair of the colony of artists who have fastened on it, there is not a word. And when I add that he groups its glorious fifteenth-century church, the very centre and soul of the town, with "the Free Library, the many chapels, the numerous hotels, and the very inadequate Town Hall" as things which he has no space to describe, one feels that to the stranger reading his book he will be as the blind leading the blind.

The best bit of his work is that describing the walk from S. Ives to Zennor and Land's End; the worst and least adequate is his account of the Lizard peninsula. It is not merely that he has simply trodden in the beaten track of the tourist and entirely neglected the interior of the Lizard; that is inevitable in a book professedly dealing with the coast; but he has seen nothing that the commonest tourist, walking in his footsteps, would not see without any book at all. He has missed, in a word, the atmosphere that gives that peninsula a peculiar importance and makes it, perhaps, the most Cornish bit of Cornwall. And even the tourist has a right to complain that the word "Mullion" does not occur in his index. For if you are writing a serious book about the coast of Cornwall it is not really enough to say of Mullion that "it possesses a fine church with some interesting old carved pew-ends, several cottage lodging-houses, an excellent inn, and the reputation of being an exceedingly healthy place. As we have not time to visit it we will proceed with our coast walk".

I come back to the point as to whether a satisfactory guide to Cornwall, or to any country, can be written on these lines at all. I am sure it cannot. Literary shortcomings have very little to do with it, and Mr. Folliott-Stokes, although he is too prone to call an hotel a caravanserai and to refer to "the choicest secrets of Nature", whatever they may be, has quite enough knowledge and quite enough skill to have written a charming book on Cornwall if he had only taken a happier plan and told his dear readers many of the things with which his mind is stored, but which he did not think worth offering them, and suppressed many of the conventional utterances which he evidently thought they expected. I sympathise with him far more than I do with his readers, for there is no doubt about the labour and enthusiasm that have been put into his book; and I am sure he knows his Cornwall too well to be at all satisfied that he has succeeded in making anything like a literary picture of it. I only wish that, in addition to the many excellent photographs he has provided, he had illustrated the book with some of his own work in that medium in which he is a master and not an amateur.

THE SWALLOW.

THE morning that my baby came
They found a baby swallow dead,
And saw a something, hard to name,
Flit moth-like over baby's bed.

My joy, my flower, my baby dear
Sleeps on my bosom well, but Oh!
If in the Autumn of the year
When swallows gather round and go . . .

RALPH HODGSON.

AN IRISH PEASANT.

BY GERALD O'DONOVAN.

WHEN I first knew John Joyce he was already old, seventy or thereabout, having been, he said, "a grown lad the time of the famine in '47". His spare figure stooped considerably. Bright grey-blue eyes, soft in repose, gave a look of youth to a clean-shaven face tanned brown by exposure to sun and wind. He dressed invariably in a style once common in Ireland, but now almost entirely gone out: a cut-away coat and knee-breeches of dark grey homespun, knitted stockings, black brogues, a well-starched white linen shirt and a high felt hat. On Sundays he wore, in addition, a Gladstone collar and a neat black tie. On Sundays, too, he wore what he called his "new" suit, his shirt was clean, and he had had his weekly shave. He never seemed dirty, but on Saturdays, with a week's stubble and a shirt worn through the grime of a week's work, he was rather unkempt. Not that he ever lost a certain dignity which redeemed any defects in his toilet.

Some years before, on his son's marriage, he had transferred to him a farm of forty acres, with the sole reservation of board and lodging for life. When he told me this I hinted that it was perhaps unwise. He looked grave for a moment, and said:

"There was nothing else to do. Pat was getting old; he was forty-one the day he married. I felt he ought to have his chance. Besides, we had some bad years and were in debt, and we had to get some money, and he couldn't get a wife with a good enough fortune unless the farm was his own."

He sighed and said, with a faint smile, "Mary is a good woman, too, in many ways—a very good woman by the place".

She was not, I had learned from others, good to him. Her narrow mind became more narrow, and her tongue was made bitter in having no children, which she ardently longed for. She was always bemoaning the loss of her two hundred pounds for which she seemed to hold old John responsible. She cut off his egg for breakfast, and when he gently asked for one, she said angrily:

"And go in debt again, is it?"

She had set her heart on saving the original amount of her fortune, and cut down the household expenses almost to starvation point. Meat of any kind, with the exception of a scrap of fat American bacon on Sundays, was unknown.

John made no complaint. "Mary may be a little near, but she's a good woman for the place", he would say to his son when he complained of insufficient food.

Old John's gentleness angered his daughter-in-law. Strength for her lay in a loud voice and a bad temper. As old John had neither he was only "an old doddering idiot without the spunk of a chicken in him". When she accused him of doing no work "for all the food he ate" he made no retort, but his eyes flashed for a moment.

"Shut up, woman", said her husband; "with all your talk, only for me father we wouldn't have a roof over our heads."

John looked at his son gratefully, but said hastily before Mary could speak:

"Mary is right. 'Tis little I do indeed, but sure I do my best."

"'Tis less you get to ate anyway", said his son wrathfully.

Old John worked from early morning till late at night. Six milking cows were the mainstay of the farm. The care of these he shared with no one. He milked and fed them, drove them to and from pasture, cleaned out their byre. He spoke to each by name. It was evident that he considered the cows more amenable to reason than his daughter-in-law, for whereas he never argued with her, he carried on long arguments with Strawberry or Brownie or Bessy, always winding up "You see it, don't you? Why it's as plain as the eye in your head". He also managed the pigs and the poultry, and carefully gathered the eggs he was

not allowed to eat from secret laying-places. He mended farm implements, thatched, and helped in the season with the hay and corn.

During slack hours he sat in the field where the cows grazed making "skibs", flat, plaited baskets, in which he had much skill. It was here the children of a neighbouring house always sought him and clamoured for stories. He had an inexhaustible stock of marvellous exploits of Fionn McCumhail and Cuchulain and of Maeve of the Red Hair, and of the more modern rapparees, which he told dramatically. The favourite story, always asked for, was his own adventure with the Young Irelanders in '48, in the telling of which he became young again: "but that was when I was young and foolish" he ended, "and don't ye ever do the like, children", adding wistfully, "but ye won't, for all children are wiser now than when I was a gossoon".

Sunday was his great day. He got up earlier than on week-days, and had finished with the cows by a quarter to seven. He then shaved and changed into the "new" suit that had done Sunday duty for ten years. Heavy blackthorn stick in hand he set out walking for mass. If he was lucky he fell in with some neighbours on the road, and all sorts of interesting topics were discussed: the price of butter, rents, the chances of a Land Purchase Act. Parliament was spoken of vaguely and mysteriously as a sort of evil deity which might, however, be wheedled into doing some good for the "poor" farmers. He generally reached the chapel half an hour before mass began, and passed from group to group in the chapel yard until the last bell rang. Here the talk was more intimate, of marriages and deaths and the "doings" of friends who had emigrated. He took a simple delight in hearing "the news", and his eyes glowed at any account of a friend's good fortune: "Thanks be to God for it", he would say, "Sure, now, isn't God good to all of us?" After mass there was a quarter of an hour's talk and perhaps a chat with a crony on the way home. "A great day entirely", he would say to his son on his return, "Father Pat was a bit late, but the time passed like lightning. Hurry off now to second mass, and I'll see to things."

He took off his coat, but did not change into his old clothes until he had to attend to the cows in the evening. Not that Sunday was entirely an idle day. He cut and washed cabbage for dinner, and chopped turnips for the cows, but he was careful not to soil his well-polished brogues and white shirt-sleeves.

One day I met him driving the cows to pasture, looking ill and depressed. His back stooped more and he had lost his springy step. When Strawberry broke down a fence on the roadside without remonstrance I felt that something was seriously wrong.

"I don't feel meself somehow", he said when I questioned him. "No, there's nothing wrong, nothing at all."

I persisted. "It's nothing I ought to talk about", he said; "I'm getting old, too old, I doubt, to be of any use to anyone. I'm only in the way." He drew his pipe and tobacco-box from his pocket, and opened the box, which I saw was empty. He broke eagerly into talk on the weather and was replacing the box in his pocket.

"Have you no tobacco?" I asked.

"Yes, no", he said in confusion, "that is, she forgot to give me any on Saturday."

The ounce of twist tobacco he had every week was his only luxury. It and a ha'penny for the plate on Sundays were his sole expenditure beyond his meagre food.

"Forgot?" I said.

"No", he answered weakly, "she said she'd give it to me no more."

I felt angry, and I suppose looked so.

"You mustn't blame her, poor thing", he said kindly.

"Her heart is set on money. It's gone beyond her will now, and her temper has gone beyond her too. Morning, noon and night her tongue is turned on me."

"But what does your son say to all this?"

"Poor Pat! he does his best with her. She's too strong for him. She hates me, but, thank God, she's

fond of him. What I'm afraid of is that I should come between them in any way. It's a puzzling world, a mighty queer world entirely, and she's a good woman too. Do you think now that there is any fear of her getting that 'near' that she'll cut the cows off their feed?"

Even now I can see that strong face with the first sign of weakness I had ever seen on it. His even spirit was broken.

A few days afterwards I heard that he had dressed carefully as if for mass, and set out for the Bunnahone workhouse. I called to see him and suggested that some arrangement could be made by which he need not remain in the workhouse. He was firm in his refusal of assistance:

"I'll be beholden to nobody but my own. I paid rates all my life, and I thought when I had nothing that the rates would support me, but I hear now poor Pat'll have to pay for me. I hope I'll not be long in this world, or I'll cost him a power of money one way and another, between paying a man to do what I used to do for him and paying for me here besides. But it's my right to be supported though I grudge his being asked to do it."

"Why not go back and live with him then?"

"She" would make Pat unhappy. It's better me than him, for I'll be a short time only in it, and he has a long life yet before him. It's hard though sometimes if I let my mind rest on things. I miss them terrible—the cows, Strawberry most of all—she had the sense of a Christian; and the children of a day in the five-acre meadow, and all the neighbours in the chapel yard of a Sunday."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MINORITY IN ULSTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ulster Liberal Association,
29 Rosemary Street, Belfast,
3 September 1912.

SIR,—In your issue of Saturday last you write: "It was here that the Ulster Unionists came in and saved the situation. They forced the question violently on the attention of the country. Their refusal to allow Mr. Churchill to insult traditional and deep-seated sentiment by making a Home Rule oration in the Ulster Hall was dramatic and striking".

Will you permit me once again to point out the misconception underlying this remark, namely that it was the choice of the Ulster Hall by the Ulster Liberal Association for the proposed Home Rule demonstration which aroused the resentment of Ulster Unionists? The notorious resolution passed by the Ulster Unionist Council which directly led to the abandonment of the Ulster Hall as the place of meeting contained no reference to that building. It denounced, to quote its very words, the "intention to hold a Home Rule meeting in the centre of the loyal city of Belfast", and resolved "to take steps to prevent its being held". Only when the unfavourable effect of the resolution upon English public opinion became apparent, was the attempt made to drag in the Ulster Hall and its associations with the late Lord Randolph Churchill and to represent that it was the building selected (in which, by the way, many Nationalist meetings have been held since Lord Randolph Churchill spoke there in 1886) and not the holding of a Home Rule meeting in Belfast which was objected to. In his desire to avoid being the innocent cause of any disturbance, Mr. Winston Churchill acquiesced in this change of front and agreed to speak elsewhere than in the Ulster Hall.

But I repeat once more that what was originally aimed at by the Ulster Unionist Council was not the preservation of the Ulster Hall from a desecration it has been subjected to at least once a year since the first Home Rule Bill, but the suppression at the present time of any demonstration which would betray the existence of a strong Protestant Liberal minority in

North-East Ulster. The proposed meeting in the Ulster Hall was to have been a rallying-ground for Ulster Liberals. It was to have shown beyond controversy that Ulster Protestantism was not solid or even overwhelmingly solid for Ulster Unionism. And so at all costs the minority had to be gagged and the demonstration represented to the people of Great Britain as entirely composed of Catholics and Nationalists. Well, the plot failed, and though Ulster Liberals were denied their right to meet in the Ulster Hall, the spot to which they were ultimately driven gave them far ampler space to demonstrate, and witnessed a gathering of Ulster Protestants acclaiming the Government's Irish policy which was altogether unprecedented in the history of Ireland.

Many people do not appreciate the existence of a Protestant Home Rule minority sufficiently strong to be reckoned with. I should think that a body which could muster 5000 adherents to attend a mid-day meeting under all the adverse circumstances connected with the Churchill visit must have a tangible existence. But I do wish to warn Unionists that they are making a grievous mistake if they are basing their hopes of wrecking Home Rule upon the passive or armed resistance of a united Ulster Protestantism. Those Protestants who actively support Home Rule, combined with those who are prepared to acquiesce in it when it comes, will, in Mr. Bonar Law's phrase, prove strong enough to burst the gloom of any Ulster rebellion against the Home Rule Act.

Yours etc.,
W. H. DAVEY.

THE MORAL OF MIDLOTHIAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

11 Barkston Gardens S.W.,
11 September 1912.

SIR,—Midlothian has warmed the heart of the Unionist party. But, after all, is there much to boast of in the result? Does it not occur to you that the electorate is growing more and more impatient of our present political system and the charlatanism of the House of Commons, and, having placed one party in power at a general election, promptly proceeds to endeavour to lessen that power for mischief by returning the comparatively harmless Opposition candidates at the by-elections?

Your obedient servant,
C. CHARLES PAINE.

A CHALLENGE TO FREE FOODERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London Institution, Finsbury Circus E.C.

SIR,—May I ask you kindly to grant me space for the following challenge to Free Fooders of whatever political complexion they may be?

(1) Let it be assumed that it is the duty of the State to provide old-age pensions and insurance for poor workers.

(2) Let it be further assumed that it is in the highest degree desirable that the workers in question should contribute some (however small) proportion of the cost of these benefits.

(3) Then I assert that a small food tax is the best method by which such contribution can be collected, both because it is of universal incidence, and because (being indirect) it is less felt than a levy of so many actual pence per week.

That is the general challenge applicable to all conditions. In a self-contained country, feeding itself, the tax would be gathered through the charges on land; but in the case of a country like our own, importing large quantities of food, the following corollary would be necessary:

(4) Imported food should pay at least such duty as would be equivalent to the charges on home-grown

produce. It might be more: it certainly should not be less.

This challenge has been denied admission by three prominent Free Trade contemporaries, from which I draw an encouraging inference. I do not suppose that it will be any more acceptable to the official Tariff Reformer as distinguished from the Protectionist.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
IMMO S. ALLEN.

DOMESTIC SERVANTS AND THE INSURANCE ACT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

82 Victoria Street, London S.W.,
5 September.

SIR,—The Domestic Servants' Insurance (Approved) Society has had to move into larger offices at 82 Victoria Street, London S.W., within a month of starting. Twenty-one thousand applications for membership have been sent in, and they are coming in daily. We have offers of help from influential ladies throughout England and Wales who are anxious to let all female servants know of the approved society most likely to suit their case.

Domestic servants are regarded as a healthy class, well housed, and well cared for. If they join one large society devoted to their special interests that society should, in course of time, be able to accumulate a substantial surplus, which could be devoted to the provision of additional benefits. The committee of management feel justified in promising that they will do whatever an approved society can, wisely and safely, do under the provisions of the Act. Meanwhile, they are taking care to admit only persons in good health, and to reject all those who are likely to involve an undue burden on the funds of the society.

When tables, based on full consideration of the facts, are ready, the committee will be able to offer advice as to the alternative benefits which can be provided under the Act. It is, of course, a serious step for a servant to relinquish the right to 7s. 6d. a week sick pay for six months, and thereafter to disablement allowance of 5s. a week for life. The actuarial report published by the Insurance Commissioners shows that a girl entering insurance at twenty-one years of age, if she surrenders entirely her right to sick pay of 7s. 6d. a week for six months, and thereafter 5s. a week for life, could be given an old-age pension at the age of sixty-five of no more than 3s. 8d. a week; all servants should therefore exercise the greatest caution in coming to a decision on alternative benefits.

The Domestic Servants' Insurance Society is registering as a friendly society for the purpose of offering additional benefits of a kind adapted to the needs of domestic servants, and hopes very shortly to publish tables of these benefits, such as payments on death, additional sickness benefits etc.

There is little doubt that many servants have been hurried, or even frightened, into joining quickly, without full consideration, some society not specially adapted to their needs. It is important a servant should know that in most cases, even if she has been accepted by an approved society, and has actually received her insurance card and book from such society, and the card has been already partly filled with stamps by her employer, she can still change to another society.

Yours faithfully,
MARY S. HELIER.

RUTHENIANS AND POLES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Junior Conservative Club,
11 September 1912.

SIR,—Mr. Stepankowsky mentions the rumour of a possible meeting between the Tsar and the Austrian Emperor. Of course I had heard the rumour, but I am afraid your correspondent mistook the name of the

town where the meeting is to take place. "Sienkiewicks" should read "Skiernevice". It is a Polish town well known in diplomatic circles and among students of European history. There it was that Bismarck brought about a meeting of the three Emperors in September 1884, when he concluded, with Alexander, a secret treaty, by which Germany and Russia promised to preserve absolute neutrality if either should be attacked. It was only in 1896 that the existence of the treaty was revealed to Europe. It has been renewed more than once since, but the Ukrainian and Polish questions will prevent it from applying to Austria-Hungary as well.

In his other statements, however, I am quite prepared to admit that Mr. Stepankowsky knows more than we can learn in this country about the Ukrainian history and problems. The sources of knowledge are, as far as I am aware, practically non-existent in the English tongue, more than limited in the French, and only to be found sparingly in the German, although I remember reading a French translation of a review in a number of the SATURDAY REVIEW of 1875, dealing with Shevchenko and the rich and fascinating Ukrainian folklore.

I am, sir, yours obediently,

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

"ITALY IN THE ÆGEAN."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 September 1912.

SIR,—The letter of Signor Starace, written from America and published in your columns some three weeks ago, will, I fear, convey to Englishmen an absolutely false and erroneous idea of representative public opinion in Italy regarding the future solution of the island problem. Italian sentiment is everywhere in favour of granting to the Ægean islands autonomous rule under the guarantee of the Powers. The recent article in the "Neues Wiener Tagblatt", written by an Italian of eminence from Rome, confirms my statement. In that article, Count Voltolini declares that the only settlement of the island question, satisfactory to the sentiment of the Italian people, would be an autonomy similar to that enjoyed by the islanders, ab antiquo and independent of the Government of the Porte. Autonomous rights under the Porte are matter for derision, witness the present condition of Samos. Under the title "Il Mare Eggeo e le sue isole", published by the Società Editrice Sonzogno of Milan, a pamphlet has been recently issued to the effect that the islands are and always have been Greek, and consequently can be nothing else. A small and extreme section of the Italian Nationalist party possibly hold the opinions of Signor Starace, but all prominent intellectual and thinking Italians see but one possible solution of the question—the creation of an island autonomy guaranteed chiefly by Italy herself.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

ROMANO DI ROMA.

WILLIAM BOOTH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Codford S. Peter Rectory, Wilts.

SIR,—Dr. Johnson certainly commended the Methodists of his day for "expressing themselves in a plain and familiar manner", whereas the "polished periods and glittering sentences of the established clergy in general flew over the heads of the common people". But what excuse has "A Constant Reader" for identifying such plainness of speech (which, by the by, Johnson found also in "popish priests") with the vulgarity—in the modern sense of the word—which you, Sir, were criticising? For tomfoolery in connexion with religion Johnson had the greatest contempt.

Boswell writes: "Of his fellow-collegian, the cele-

brated Mr. George Whitefield, he said: 'Whitefield never drew as much attention as a mountebank does. Were Astley to preach a sermon standing upon his head on a horse's back he would collect a multitude to hear him, but no wise man would say he had made a better sermon for that. I never treated Whitefield's ministry with contempt. I believe he did good. He had devoted himself to the lower classes of mankind, and among them he was of use. But when familiarity and noise claim the praise due to knowledge, art and elegance we must beat down such pretensions'."

On another occasion he said of Whitefield: "His popularity, Sir, is chiefly owing to the peculiarity of his manner. He would be followed by crowds were he to wear a nightcap in the pulpit, or were he to preach from a tree."

Johnson had no prejudice against Methodism, a name which connoted at first "the whole discipline of regulated piety" as presented by the Church. Boswell says shrewdly: "He was himself, in a dignified manner, a Methodist". John Wesley used always much plainness of speech, but never put off the scholar, gentleman and priest. He wore the canonical cassock, gown and bands, and his garb accorded with the gravity of his demeanour. He knew how to work up his auditors into frenzy, but could never have played the antic any more than S. Paul, who made himself all things to all men, could have done.

Your obedient servant,

DOUGLAS MACLEANE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I am entirely in agreement with the excellent and restrained article which you published a fortnight ago on "William Booth", and I wish further and humbly to associate myself with the editorial footnote to Mr. Harlow's letter. I am confident that there are scores, if not even hundreds or thousands, of parish priests in England who could speak of work—not absolutely devoid of result—amongst those very classes to which, it is popularly supposed, the Salvation Army alone can minister with success. I have worked in a large working-class parish of over fourteen thousand people, in a smaller parish in a country town containing the lowest and poorest of the residents—and I now work in a London parish with some four thousand people of the worst type in the municipal borough in which it is situated. To my certain knowledge it is exceedingly rare to find the Salvation Army at work in any of these neighbourhoods, and I can say, without reservation of any kind, that in these typical localities there are exceedingly few touched or substantially influenced by the Army's efforts. The Army will be found in main streets or just off and visible from them, but their influence is not so great as it is now fashionable to assert, and they too often avoid those poorest and most degraded spots where only those dwell whom they alone are supposed to be able to uplift. But on the other hand, in the localities to which I refer, and in others of which I am aware, priests are doing their quiet and unobserved work day by day, without advertisement. The clergy of England year after year, day after day, are doing the very work which it is claimed the Salvation Army alone can do—and they do it without display, without the vulgarity of advertisement, and without the assertion of irreverent familiarity with holy things, so foreign surely to the mind of Christ. And in this work many of the Nonconformist bodies of England take a share—not, I think, proportionate to their size—but a share that is very real and in a manner that is dignified. It is time that some of this nonsense—we priests know it to be such—contained in the untrue and foolish adulation of the Salvation Army and its methods ceased, and I trust that the appeal which the new "General" makes for £150,000 for the propaganda of a noisy, vulgar and irreverent "religion" without the Christian sacraments and characterised by methods and a demeanour truly distant from the gentle and awful dignity of Christ, will not receive

anything like the response which I fear the people who have made the late "General" their hero are likely to make.

Yours faithfully,
SACERDOS IGNOTUS.

"A THEORY OF LIFE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Arcade Villa, Arcade Road, Ilfracombe.

SIR,—I was specially interested in the closing remarks of your able article on Professor Schäfer's presidential address, as they hinted what I believe to be the true theory. Before touching on that I should like to offer a word of criticism on the address itself. From the preliminary booming I thought the Professor was going to announce that life had already been synthesised in the laboratory; instead of that he merely expressed an old expectation. We have yet to wait and see; and Bergson, in his "Creative Evolution", mentions a difficulty that makes it probable we shall wait long. The chemist can scarcely exhaustively analyse living protoplasm, and by the time it is dead its chemical composition may have changed, or a subtle something may have escaped altogether. We must wait. But the proposition you hint, and which I affirm on scientific evidence would make the most helpful working hypothesis is: That there is no real inertia, and no dead matter; that all is life, mind, intelligence, and that the divisions we make are artificial, and are due to the bluntness of our perceptions. It was asserted formerly that there were well-marked dividing lines between living and non-living matter, and between vegetable and animal organisms; now, no line can be drawn between the latter, and the line between the former is getting more and more nebulous.

The mystery of existence deepens with the progress of science, the scientists clear up one mystery to reveal a greater. The mystery of mysteries is how anything ever came to be; and the moment we approach "matter" the fairy tales begin! The atom, inconceivably small, is pictured as a system of electrons whirling in a planetary motion, and at planetary distances apart compared with their size. (Lodge.) A gramme of these electrons possesses latent energy enough to lift the British fleet to the top of Ben Nevis! (Crookes.) These atoms possess strange attractions and repulsions, incipient loves and hates; will only mate on strict matrimonial conditions; and if forced into uncongenial unions will take the first chance of flying apart, with explosive energy. They possess architectonic activities as in the building up of crystals; artistic or organising impulses as in hoarfrost on the window pane. (Tyndall.) Even the atoms in metals respond to stimuli like living things, and can be fatigued and even poisoned! (Bose.) Plants are endowed with sex, with marvellous arrangements for sending messages to their mates. They yearn for their sun god, are endowed with rudimentary consciousness, avoid obstacles, and seek their food with curious cunning. Wherever we have matter and motion we have the elements of mind, "mindstuff". (Clifford.) Put these few hints together and grasp their significance and we see that all is life and intelligence of a higher order than any form of it we know.

Here we have arrived at the conception to which all religious thought is tending, and which is incipient in all the great religions of the world. The conception of an immanent life, mind, intelligence pervading the whole universe, controlling from within every atom in this stupendous cosmos. All the various activities—physical, mechanical, chemical, or psychic—are modes or manifestations of the all-sustaining activity. All are correlated, and grade upward from one to the other. The classification, the gathering of these activities into ordered hierarchies, under "Laws of Nature", enhances rather than belittles our conception of the great indwelling spirit animating the amazing whole.

Here, then, I venture to think, is a grand working hypothesis, on which theologians and scientists might work harmoniously in their own spheres. Physical science deals only with the outer husks of things,

theology is still anchored to old-world conceptions; and all our "leaders" of thought are playing "Hamlet" without the prince, while they ignore the higher results of psychical research, which reveals an inner universe, and latent faculties in man of transcendent potency.

Yours faithfully,
E. WAKE COOK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Glasgow, 7 September 1912.

SIR,—In your leader on Professor Schäfer's presidential address you remark that even if the theories of the Professor were confirmed by observation and experiment, there would still be room for every solution of the riddle of the world that facts can bring to the aid of reason. That is quite true, and many evolutionary monists have made a similar admission. But while assigning a legitimate province to faith in dealing with the mystery of life, the exponents of evolution have made it increasingly more difficult for faith to add to our knowledge or offer any solution of what are termed ultimate questions, which include life, its origin and manifestations. And it seems to me that the philosophic calm with which the public have received Professor Schäfer's address and have refrained from creating the storm which greeted Tyndall's famous Belfast address is evidence that the provinces of science and faith are now much better understood. Keeping in view that reservation, a reservation which has been clearly expounded by men like Spencer and Tyndall, both of whom admitted that the riddle of the universe was beyond them and was a legitimate field for faith so long as faith did not collide with science, you are right in stating that Professor Schäfer's views can be received without disturbance or alarm. The Professor said nothing offensive, indeed he said nothing very novel, but in adding the weight of his biological knowledge to the dictum that science can detect no power or force operating *ab extra* he very palpably hits the white.

I am etc.
WILLIAM C. MCBAIN.

"THE MANY-WINTERED CROW."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Herts, 9 September 1912.

SIR,—May I be permitted as a West Cornishman to express my gratitude to Mr. H. Rayment for correcting the common pronunciation of the word "Chough"? As boys we no more thought of calling a Chough a "Chuff" than of calling a plough a "pluff". The gaffer of our hamlet here in Herts, who never went to school, when fully satisfied says he has had "enow", although a resident named Clough calls himself "Cluff".

I am not so grateful to Mr. Rayment for picking holes in Barham, however deserved they may be. He was a poet and a humourist first, and consequently rhyme was of more consequence to him than natural history.

Except during the breeding season rooks and jackdaws, as is well known, forage and roost together and are commonly classed by villagers as "crows". During nesting-time no one would connect "rooks" or "rookery" with jackdaws or crows. In the long plantation on the ridge a mile distant from where I write the "crows" have roosted for some two hundred or more winters. Walking the length of it between the hours of eleven and twelve on a clear, calm moonless night with probably 3000 of these birds in the branches above me, but for the jackdaws I might have thought the branches tenantless. The rooks never stirred a limb or feather, but the jackdaws passed on a suppressed note of alarm throughout the whole length of the wood, although my footfall was almost inaudible on the mossy turf of the ride.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
J. P. S.

REVIEWS.

A BRUMMAGEM ULSTER.

"The Red Hand of Ulster." By George A. Birmingham. London: Smith, Elder. 1912. 6s.

IN constructing a satiric comedy on events just about to happen, George Birmingham has essayed a very difficult task, and within his designed limitations he has succeeded. But it is not easy to say what his success will be worth to him. In treating of Ulster's attitude to Home Rule, of the Nationalist view of Ulster's attitude, and of Liberal relations with them both, he has contrived to put each into its most ludicrous poses, and can thus claim that impartiality of outlook which the satirist should attain. But in his selection of a subject for satire it may possibly prove that he has been ill-advised; or that, at least, the moment is not propitious for its production. Liberals, perhaps, though their rôle in the story is the more absurd, may be the least inclined to resent the portraiture of their chief representative, Sir Samuel Clithering, manufacturer of hosiery, unofficial ambassador of the Cabinet, or the description of the policy, painfully probable, by which Belfast is saved. Home Rule does not occupy in the Liberals' mind quite the position in which it appears in their speeches, and they can bear with good-natured jests on a subject which is becoming less dear to their official hearts with every fresh claim on their political resources. Nor does the Nationalist position suffer much from the author's wit; indeed, Conroy, the impossible millionaire, and O'Donovan, the irreconcilable journalist, seem to have been provided as "whipping boys" for the Nationalist leaders, who never emerge from a collective generality throughout the story, and only play the part of an impulse which had created the position with which the book begins.

True, neither their belief nor their profession is treated seriously, but then nothing is treated seriously in the whole book, and they at least escape the fate of the others in being held up to ridicule. But it is on the Unionist party in Ulster that the author exhausts the shafts of his humour, and he makes many an effective hit. Babberly, McNeice, Crossan, Cahoon, McConkey, the Dean, Malcolmson, and Lord Moyne, he finds them all funny in their varied ways, and beats all the available amusement out of them in scenes of excellent comedy and less acceptable farce. They are all, if perhaps one excepts the Dean, rather types than characters, so that his banter will be more felt than appreciated by a good many people in the North of Ireland. It may be lawful for a minister of religion to make a mock of religious convictions, but it can scarcely be held to be expedient. Protestant Ulster, bad or good, is as sincerely convinced of the sincerity of its faith as is any part of the United Kingdom, and it has a more profound and well-grounded detestation of the men in its midst and on its borders of a different persuasion than can be comprehended on this side of the Channel. It would therefore have been at least the wiser part for one in the author's position to have preferred, especially at the present moment, any other target for his wit, since he cannot refrain from turning into ridicule even the singing of a hymn if it comes his way. Nor does his satire, as satire may, suggest an enlightening of men's understandings as to the inherent absurdity of their mental attitudes.

There is a flippancy somewhere behind it which prevents that, a flippancy which very well suits this attempt to present a question for which, it is admitted, even dull men of business are ready to die, as a subject for comic opera, but which fatally interferes with the prospect of its suggesting a saner or more considered attitude to anyone concerned. The book may be commended to the man who wants a laugh and does not mind how he gets it, but it is unlikely to appeal to Irish readers, to whose sense of humour, as a recent dramatic protest has proved, this kind of persiflage does not appeal. The romantic elements in the story are nought; they might just as well have been omitted. It is the charac-

ter drawing, clear, concise, picturesque, and penetrating, which is its palpable achievement, save where in Clithering's case it degenerates into farce, and in Lord Kilmore's where it purges the sobriety from his point of view in order to carry its comments on the crisis to an effective conclusion.

MURAT.

"Joachim Murat, Marshal of France and King of Naples." By A. Hilliard Atteridge. London: Methuen. 1911. 10s. 6d.

THE better understanding which research is now giving us of Napoleon is gradually being extended to his generals. Murat, the martial dandy, with his flowing locks, his jewelled sword, his caprices of self-assertion on horseback and on foot, owing his advancement to his one faculty of commanding cavalry and to the good fortune of being the brother-in-law of Napoleon, is seen to be the good son and husband, the man who never forgot a benefactor or forgot himself in the giddiness of elevation, the faithful friend of his master in all trials, and yet his frank adviser, the honest, straightforward soldier, the enemy of treachery and intrigue until the circumstances of destiny became too strong for him and he lost his head in a position in which stronger men would have found it difficult to keep it. On this worthy man, Mr. Atteridge has written a most fascinating volume. In admirable style, with brevity and point and yet fully enough for the purpose, he has given us a life of Murat, free from bias and prejudice, understanding his virtues, but admitting his faults, with the only defect that he is sometimes not so fair to Napoleon as he is to the main subject of his narrative. In two ages of the world, nature has been prodigal of great men, at the end of the Roman Republic and in the epoch of Napoleon. The eminence of the second Cæsar both created and obscured the brilliancy of his coadjutors, but when prejudice has passed away Napoleon's marshals will stand in literature and art by the side of that knot of Roman citizens who changed the history of the world.

Murat was born, two years before his master, at La Bastide, a village a few miles from Cahors, where his father kept an inn and posting-house in a district dominated by the Talleyrands. He was intended for the Church, and wore a surplice in the Cathedral of Cahors, but he cast his cassock to the nettles as Sforza threw away his axe at Cotignola and joined a cavalry regiment which was marching through the town.

Murat had his chance on Vendémiaire 13. Napoleon had determined to put down the sections by a "whiff of grape shot", but for this he needed cannon, and the guns were posted in the Place des Sablons under a small guard. It happened that Murat had, by accident, 260 horsemen under his command. At midnight he was sent off to secure the forty guns. He reached them just as a battalion of National Guards was advancing to seize them. Murat rode up to them with his cavalry, and ordered them to retire, which they did. The guns were brought back to the Tuileries and a piece of good fortune laid the foundation of the future King of Naples and of his Imperial master. Murat became aide-de-camp to the general, with Junot and Marmont. From Italy he was sent back with dispatches, and was made a general at twenty-eight, as his master had been at twenty-three. Returning to Italy, he won the battle of Valeggio, crushed Alvinzi at Rivoli, forced the passage of the Isonzo and enjoyed the luxuries of Mombello, where he met his future wife. During this career of glory his heart was at La Bastide, and he bitterly reproaches his brother for not having written to him. He preceded Bonaparte to Rastatt, established French domination at Rome, and, after two brilliant years with the army of Italy, was ready to accompany his general to Egypt.

Much time has been spent in discussing the part played by Murat in the execution of the Duc d'Enghien. His father and grandfather were plotting in England, not only against the Government, but against the life of

the ruler who, after long years of misery and degradation, was restoring to his country the security of life and property, peace, religion, and national unity. This noble task, one of the greatest recorded in history, was being rendered difficult, if not impossible, by Bourbon intrigues, aided by the treasure and the diplomatic power of England. Enghien, who had fought as an emigrant against France, and was destined in case of war to command the army of Alsace-Lorraine, lingered on in a village close to the French frontier, in spite of all the warnings of his family and of Napoleon himself. The Margrave of Baden, who had only just come into possession of the territory, was powerless to expel him, and Napoleon was forced to act alone, after having taken every means to frighten away his quarry. His forceful action brought peace; no Bourbon dared to conspire after Enghien had been shot. Murat with his excellent heart could not understand this policy of severity. As Napoleon remarked to Ségur in Russia, in these cases the victim is idolised but no pity is felt for the mental agony of the executioner who knows the obloquy which he will encounter in the performance of his duty. Murat's tenderness for Enghien was extended to Cadoudal, the originator of the infernal machine of the Rue Saint Nicaise, who not only contrived the plot, but boasted of it to Windham and Pitt, who listened to him. In praising Murat's heart, let us not forget what is due to Napoleon's head.

We need not follow Murat's exploits in detail. For fifteen years he was Napoleon's trusted lieutenant, affectionate and true. His master knew his limitations and forgave them; he made allowances for the fervid Gascon temper, for the over-sensitiveness which accompanies devotion, for jealousy which came of love. Caroline also knew how to soothe his troubled spirit, and no passion of Murat's was more proud or better deserved than the love which he felt for his wife and children. His devotion to his family, his abiding remembrance of and even pride in his humble origin, were worthy of Napoleon himself. His life is inscribed with victories like an Imperial eagle; Aboukir, Brumaire, Saint Bernard, Elba, Ulm, Vienna, Prenzlau, Eylau, Madrid, Naples, Moscow, Leipzig, are embroidered upon it, and it is perhaps due to a mistake of Napoleon's that it did not bear the name of Mont Saint Jean.

There is no need to dwell on the troubles of his closing years, when he had to face the solution of a problem too difficult for his capacity, indeed almost insoluble for any time or character, however strong. It would have been better if he had never been a king, as he was no administrator. It would have been better if Louis had accepted Spain, and Joseph had remained at Naples, which he governed admirably. Perhaps his master trusted too confidently in the qualities of Caroline, but Murat's career and that of Bernadotte show how wise Napoleon was in advancing his brothers rather than his generals. He had studied to good purpose the lesson of the Diadochi. The tragedy of Pizzo is a poor end to so brilliant a life. Here, also, the journey to Trieste, where he would have joined Caroline and his children, was suddenly changed for a mad assault on his former kingdom. He hoped to imitate the great Napoleon at Golfe Juan; he only succeeded in anticipating the lesser Napoleon at Strasburg. Peace be to his ashes and glory to his name! If he did not know how to reign, he knew how to conquer and to die. Mr. Atteridge is to be congratulated on having given us what is probably the best book yet written by an Englishman upon the Napoleonic age.

A DISCIPLE OF MILL.

"Principles of Economics." By F. W. Taussig. Two vols. New York: Macmillan. 1911. 17s. net.

IT is sometimes a good plan to read a preface last. The reader, having finished the book, makes up his mind what sort of a work it is and then turns to the preface to find out what sort of a work the author

meant it to be. Treated in this fashion, Dr. Taussig's preface is rather a surprise. We are told that this treatise is "not planned primarily to meet the needs of teachers and students", but is intended "to state the principles of economics in such form that they shall be comprehensible to an educated and intelligent person who has not before made any systematic study of the subject". The announcement comes as a surprise because the tone of the book is distinctly professorial. In its earlier chapters, in particular, it makes considerable display of technical terms whose value is only likely to be apparent to those who have made a systematic study of the subject—and perhaps not always to them. Nor is it a priori likely that a book suited to the needs of the general reader will be written by a man like Dr. Taussig, who spends most of his days in teaching students. A writer like Mill, himself in close touch with daily life, is better able to gauge the requirements of the cultured man in the street than the holder of a chair. As a matter of fact, Dr. Taussig's temperament too often leads him astray. Viewing the economic world from his study and aiming as a Professor should at the greatest possible precision of doctrine, he is shocked at the rough-and-ready methods of dealing with economic problems favoured by politicians; forgetting that the politician is normally called upon to act at a stage when a situation has not developed sufficiently for a trained economist to have an opinion about it at all, and that in acting he must pay regard to contemporary sentiment, the traditions of his party and other similar points of which the economist need take no account. It is an excellent thing that Dr. Taussig should impress upon his pupils the desirability of a less opportunist treatment of questions of economic policy, but the man of the world will be tempted to regard him, we fear, as an unpractical armchair critic and to say that there is something wrong about the spirit of the book.

There is a further difficulty. A comprehensive textbook ought to deal as much as possible with points of permanent value. There is, indeed, no finality about any economic doctrines. Economics is not an immutable science, at any rate not when treated by men aware of the nature of the historical method. On the contrary, its conclusions are inductions from changing facts, and just at the moment the facts are changing particularly fast. It is, however, precisely with the latest developments that the man of the world is especially concerned, and Dr. Taussig, feeling this, has incorporated in his book a commentary on recent industrial events in the United States. The effect is curious. Perhaps the most settled part of economic science is that which deals with the theory of money. Dr. Taussig states all the main points fully and well, and then goes on, in a chapter on financial panics, to discuss the legislation passed in the United States in 1908 as a result of the panic of the previous year. This discussion is bound to be out of date before very long, and the unpractical reader will almost inevitably wonder how many more of the doctrines laid down in this section must also be written off as antiquated. We cannot help thinking that the plan of the book has occasionally led the author to mingle statements of established theory and comments on current controversy in a way likely to confuse those for whom he is writing.

But in one aspect Dr. Taussig's treatment of his subject results in a success which may perhaps rather surprise him. He writes mainly for an American public, and, by way of driving home his arguments, illustrates them from facts likely to be familiar to Transatlantic readers. But they are not likely to be familiar to English readers, or to be paralleled from the average English text-book, and they tell just because they are novel. Take the way Dr. Taussig drives home his general account of the advantages of large-scale production. "The greatest of the American corporations making agricultural implements . . . has a machine whose sole work is to make poles for waggons and harvesters. The machine cost \$2500; it saves a cent per pole; it is worth while only because poles by the hundred thousand are made each year." To the

American, no doubt, a case like this serves to give point to an exposition; to the Englishman it comes as an effective climax to be noted and quoted, rather, we imagine, to the author's surprise.

So much by way of criticism; we must now qualify it by saying that in one section of the book Dr. Taussig attains the aim set out in his preface. It is true that it does not bulk very largely, amounting to only about a fifth of the entire treatise. But it is a section of cardinal importance, for it deals with the problems of labour and of business organisation. On these matters Dr. Taussig is helpful and illuminating. It is here that he comes closest to the spirit of Mill, whom he regards as his master throughout, and succeeds in showing what economic science means to the average intelligent man, be he employer or labourer. It is a justification of the foregoing criticism that Dr. Taussig achieves this success by changing his method. As he himself states in his introductory paragraphs, he is no longer dealing with doctrines which are either true or untrue. He is dealing with opinions, and is continually called upon to balance conflicting considerations. The value of conclusions in this field thus depends upon the point of view, and there is a circumstance which forces Dr. Taussig to adopt a point of view not rigidly economic. It is that reasoning on rigidly economic lines from the classically orthodox premises leads to Marxian Socialism. When he comes to deal with Socialism Dr. Taussig is strongly influenced by the feeling that its doctrines are vitiated by a misapprehension of human nature, and in his own treatment of current problems he continually appeals to those psychological considerations which he excludes in the sections concerned with what he regards, in our opinion sometimes mistakenly, as admitting of authoritative pronouncements of doctrine. His views are thus coloured by a social feeling, and they are sound because he never allows this feeling to degenerate into mere sentimentality.

His standard is the general well-being, and by this standard he judges both capital and labour. It is his opinion that of the two labour is more frequently opposed to the interests of the community. This is because the effects of improvements take time to filter through to all classes, and while the capitalist is normally tempted to make improvements for the sake of increased profits, trade unionism is opposed to them as likely to cause a temporary increase of unemployment. It is Dr. Taussig's fear that through its refusal to face the economic discomforts of change democracy will stagnate, and in this connexion he bids us watch the development of the labour legislation of Australia and New Zealand. It is his opinion, too, that the reluctance of labour to adopt new processes accounts in part for Britain's failure to maintain her industrial position. On the other hand, he insists that trade unions deserve sympathy as aiming consistently, if not always wisely, at the betterment of the class which most requires to be bettered, and he makes the interesting point that in a country like the United States, annually receiving thousands of rather low-class foreign emigrants, the unions have exercised an admirable educative influence.

In general Dr. Taussig is optimistic. He claims, we think rightly, that Mills' doubt whether the great inventions have lightened the day's toil of a single human being cannot now be raised, and he even looks forward to a future in which, owing to the high degree of skill demanded in most trades, an eight-hour day will be justifiable on the strict economic test of maximum productive efficiency. But he warns democracy that it does not always look enough ahead in its plans for social betterment; that a minimum wage, for example, raises the question of the unemployable, and that compulsory industrial arbitration involves in the end a general attitude towards the whole distribution of wealth. Dr. Taussig is never better than when illustrating the difficulties which democracy has created for itself by short-sighted legislation, and he is specially effective in the passage where he shows how the law has created trusts. The first stage was that the shareholders were

represented by trustees under the control of courts of equity. This being declared illegal, "holding" companies, uncontrolled by courts of equity, were formed, and when the holding companies were declared illegal in turn, the business men took the only course still open and formed a single concern—the modern trust. It is most significant, especially to us in England, at a time when we are told that the word of democracy is final, that a cautious and earnest thinker with undoubted democratic sympathies should continually have to point out that Parliaments have been less successful in dealing with new industrial developments than the highly trained German bureaucracy.

HOME-GROWN PHILOSOPHY.

"English Thought for English Thinkers." By St. George Stock. London: Constable. 1912. 3s. 6d.

THOUGH Oxford is the place to which German philosophies, jargon and all, go when they die, and though English (and Scotch) thought has since Coleridge's time been thoroughly Teutonised, Mr. Stock believes in developing the resources of native philosophy. He denies that it is "insular", and holds that it is not the continental but the island thinker who thinks in continents. Locke, Berkeley and Hume, an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scot, successively carried out the Cartesian philosophy of consciousness into a system of pure idealism, which, as Mr. Stock tells the neophyte, is just the opposite of Plato's idealism, making particular sensations rather than the universal idea the sole reality. Mr. Stock himself holds by the communis sensus of mankind, and remarks that Hume and the sceptics questioned by reasoning the primary beliefs on which reasoning rests. Mind is the source and ground of all things, not the last link in a chain. But Hume only pressed to its logical conclusion Berkeley's teaching that thought is nothing and sense everything. The bishop, in the interests of faith, vindicated spirit from dependence on matter, but he left it with a precarious hold upon existence. Locke emphatically asserted our intuitive knowledge of the ego's selfhood, but this is hardly consistent with his doctrine that all our ideas come to us either by sensation or reflexion, and that "sense is the sole factor in experience".

An acute critic of the sensationalist school, Mr. Stock in some points takes a lower ground than we quite like. He says with Spencer that "the mark which distinguishes necessary from contingent truth is the inconceivability of the contradictory". But we cannot conceive unextended colour, or a sixth sense, or a new colour which is not a shade or combination of the ones we have experienced. That two straight lines should enclose a space, however, is not merely inconceivable as a notion, but we are necessitated to judge that in fact they do not do so. We are equally compelled to judge positively that the angles of a triangle are together equal to two right angles, and that a triangle must have three sides. Mr. Stock avers that "Hume is no doubt right in laying down that no matter of fact admits of demonstration". Does he mean that Euclid's propositions are not demonstrated? Again, we read that Hume "has shown successfully that the principle of the Uniformity of Nature in no way rests upon reason", but not that belief in it is a mere trick of mental habituation. Hume "has amply established his position that the necessity which we ascribe to a cause is not demonstrable"—viz. that the same cause is always followed by the same effects. By the by, this sense of the expression "Uniformity of Nature" is frequently confused with another sense—that of the general stability of the cosmic frame, the recurrence of seed-time and harvest, of day and night, the shape of the human body—there are no men "whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders"—and so forth. But that is simply a contingent truth. The present question is why we are bound to believe that, if nothing occur to prevent it, the sun will rise to-morrow. To

say that a cause, unless counteracted, must always be followed by its effects is the same thing as to say that everything persists in its own attributes, continues to be what it is, unless something happen to modify it. This is the Principle of Sufficient Reason. No phenomenon can take place without a reason for it. Nothing can alter unless the alteration has a cause. As Mill puts it, change can only be produced by change. This is the metaphysical basis of the syllogism. The middle term gives the cause, considered as a universal, and our assurance that whatever effect or attribute is predicated of the middle term holds good of every case of it, including the minor term, depends on the fundamental principle that, everything else remaining the same, a cause is necessarily followed by its effects—though this is rather the ontological than the logical aspect of the principle of sufficient reason. It should be superfluous to remark that “the same cause is always followed by the same effects” does not mean that a medicine which cures A will necessarily cure B.

Mr. Stock's general account of the sensationalist philosophy is penetrating and sound. In getting rid of matter and finding reality in the idea, placed in the mind by God, Berkeley believed himself to have vanquished the materialist and atheist. But Hume based his own scepticism on the bishop's teaching. For “ideas” with Berkeley are but sense-images, and where then does spirit come in? Kant has given us back space and time and substance, and those categories of the understanding and sensibility which the British nominalists banished, but which are the action of the mind itself, imposing its own laws and unity upon the multiplicity of sense-impressions. It is the mind which necessarily supposes “thing-hood” as underlying and unifying any bundle of qualities of which the senses give information. And thus “esse est percipi”. But perception is a kind of sacrament, presupposing the reality of the two factors of the percept, that which is presented by sense from without and that which is impressed by spirit from within. The creative energy of the mind is more and more affirmed by modern thinkers. But we must not abandon the reality of the material given to the mind to work up into shape. If we are not to be, in Berkeley's phrase, “embrangled in inextricable difficulties” we must stick to the truth of the world's semblance. The vulgar, in fact, are right, though Johnson's refutation of Berkeleyism by kicking a large stone—Mr. Stock, as a Pembroke man, should not have made it a chair—was an *ignoratio elenchi*. On page 41 “1790”, as the date of the Essay towards a New Theory of Vision, should be 1709. Had Mr. Stock been writing history he might have mentioned the anticipation of Berkeley by Arthur Collier, of Pembroke, Oxford, afterwards rector of Steeple Langford, Wilts. In 1703, while still a young deacon, Collier completed his “*Clavis Universalis*, or a New Inquiry after Truth, being a demonstration of the Non-existence or Impossibility of an External World”. But it was not published till 1713.

MAN AND BISHOP.

“Archbishop Maclagan.” By F. D. How. London: Wells Gardner. 1912. 16s. net.

THE son of a bishop was asked if his father's life was to be written, and replied, “I hope not; we have had enough of these episcopal lives”. We also question somewhat the wisdom of publishing bulky volumes about every bishop, beginning with a chapter concerning his pedigree and his school-days, succeeded by an array of letters on every subject to his friends and relations, details about petty domestic affairs and continental holidays. We question it not only because the prospect of an increase of volumes likely to be scrapped in a few weeks is a little degrading to literature, but because we think that these books often fail to give just that valuable impression of a good man and his particular message to the age which a smaller

work (like Doctor Holland's “Personal Studies”) might afford. Granted that we may be wrong, then Mr. F. D. How has done a creditable piece of work in his biography of Archbishop Maclagan of York.

It is the current idea that if the Church of England is to make progress some bishops must be chosen to lead her who are not conspicuous chiefly (as in times past) for intellectual distinction, but for capacity in dealing with the souls of individual seekers after truth. The old gibe about the “editing of a Greek play” or “friendship at Court” is now quite stale. William Dalrymple Maclagan was one of the first of the new order of bishops, and it is in this that lies the chief interest of his biography. His life proves the enormous advantage that a clergyman possesses if he has moved in non-ecclesiastical circles before his ordination. A legal student for a time and a soldier for some years, he came to holy orders with a real knowledge of men and affairs which undoubtedly stood him in good stead all through his life. As a rector in Newington he takes his place as chairman of the vestry, and, even if he does not succeed in converting the parochial tradesmen, makes them aware that there is a higher ideal than any which they have thought of pursuing before. When he goes to Kensington it is felt that modern West-end life is conceivable not merely as side by side with Church-going on Sunday, but as impregnated with religious aspirations and strengthened by real spiritual forces acting upon it day by day. The work of Maclagan at S. Mary Abbots and the similar ministry of his friend George Howard Wilkinson at S. Peter's, Eaton Square, were noble attempts to preach a mission to the rich, and from an individual point of view were very effective. There can be no doubt that they created a new type of Anglican Churchman among the upper classes; they did in London what others were doing at Oxford and Cambridge and the public schools. It is largely through them that the School and College Missions and Settlements were so successful in the 'eighties. Among statesmen, too, and in the professions there can be little doubt that these “Evangelical High-Churchmen” (as they were called) filled their hearers with new hope and a new ideal of life.

But it was a personal, individual work rather than a social one. Maclagan does not seem to have grasped the prophetic side of the Church's message, and never quite understood what Christian Socialism was (even of the tamest type). Nor, again, did he attempt to deal with the intellectual difficulties of the day on any large scale. He confined himself to dealing with souls in small groups, with confirmation candidates, with ordinands, with little children. In this he did a very useful work which bore fruit. His ministry in the Anglican Church in some respects resembles that of S. Vincent de Paul in France, not, of course, on the philanthropic side, but in its efforts towards the formation of character in clergy and laity. We should think there are few bishops who have taken such pains with individuals. He was a shepherd, a pastor of souls. While working hard all through his episcopate he seems to have kept himself wonderfully free from officialism and the “barrenness of busy life”. His dislike of ritual controversies proceeded not from any disparagement of ceremonial as such, but from a sense that they wasted time and energy which might have been devoted to the real work of saving souls. He was intent on spiritual things without the want of actuality which so often mars the effectiveness of a recluse or a man of prayer. Thus we find him in quite the early days of his ministry preaching in the open air, and later on in Lichfield organising the Evangelistic Brotherhood for preaching work. That diocese is still noted for its Evangelistic character, and it was Maclagan who inspired it. “Good but not great” is the estimate of one of his examining chaplains. If the epithet “great” is to be reserved for intellectual gifts or for administrative capacity, or for looming large in the national life or even in the Church, the chaplain is right. But if, as we think, personal holiness and patience with individuals and faith in the

power of ordinary Church methods are of very high value in the episcopate, then we should feel inclined to alter the estimate to "great and good".

BOS PRIMIGENIUS.

"The Ox and its Kindred." By R. Lydekker. London: Methuen. 1912. 6s.

THE impression left by this volume, which the author hopes "will appeal alike to naturalists, to the owners of pedigree cattle, to cattle-breeders generally, and to archaeologists", is something akin to that left upon ordinary men by a visit to a natural history museum. It is overwhelming in information, but confusing in effect. Such a museum is full of specimens of all kinds, each labelled to show its position relatively to other members of the animal kingdom living and extinct. To those who understand, many of the labels, more especially those dealing with extinct species, are open to dispute, and the specimens they refer to are the subject of interesting discussions among naturalists and archaeologists; but to ordinary men, among whom cattle owners and breeders are usually to be reckoned, they are not of absorbing interest.

Taking first that part of the volume which may interest cattle breeders, there is a chapter on domestic British cattle consisting mainly of description and history. In it, under both headings, we find statements which are open to remark. Breeds are described which are now actually or almost extinct, without this fact being stated, as, for instance, the Fifeshire, polled Irish and Glamorgan breeds. The origin and history of some other breeds, notably the Aberdeen Angus and the Galloways, is referred to as doubtful; and the Longhorn is called a Western type, chiefly because of its connexion with Ireland. These statements need revision. "The original Kerry was generally black, although it might be red, black and white, or black and red." Has anyone ever seen a "black and red" cow?

There is one bovine character, namely the white stripe along the back, that the author refers to again and again, which flows over, as it were, from the cattle breeder's portion of the volume into the part which is interesting to naturalists and archaeologists. The Longhorns have it, the Herefords have it, the Glamorgans had it, and, according to the author, who quotes from Low, the original Kerries also had it. In all probability, in certainty almost, the original Kerries did not have it; but that does not matter. The author takes this white dorsal stripe as a sign that cattle now bearing it are descended from *Bos primigenius*. From several sources, but not without exception, comes the information that a wild bull hunted in Germany and Poland in the Middle Ages had a white dorsal stripe. The Germans called him the *Urochs*, or *Aurochs*, the forest bull. *Cæsar* heard of this animal and called him the *Urus*; and archaeologists have identified him with *Bos primigenius*, a giant whose bones are found in Neolithic and Bronze Age deposits.

But are we justified in identifying the German *Urus* or *Urochs* with *Bos primigenius*? In the Middle Ages wild bulls were hunted in Britain also. At one time and another some were enclosed in parks just as deer are enclosed to-day, and a few herds still exist. Till recently we believed these wild cattle of ours to be descended from *Bos primigenius*; but, when it was shown he had become extinct in the Bronze Age, our belief had to be abandoned. May we not suggest, therefore, in view of the improbability of *Bos primigenius* having lived on in Germany after he had become extinct in Britain, of the lack of clear links connecting the *Urus* of the Middle Ages or of *Cæsar's* time with the Bronze Age, and of the probability of another animal more like our modern cattle having become the wild bull of Germany in the Middle Ages, that the *Urus* and *Bos primigenius* are not one and the same? At any rate, we may say that the chain which would connect any modern breed having a white dorsal stripe with *Bos primigenius* needs considerable strengthening.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Progress of the Nation." By G. R. Porter. New Edition, by F. W. Hirst. London: Methuen. 1912. 21s.

This famous book, which has been a classic of political economy since it was first published in 1836, has passed through many editions. Its original title was "The Progress of the Nation in its Social and Commercial Relations from the beginning of the Nineteenth Century to the Present Day". It set the example of the statistical inquiry which has resulted in the regular presentation of official statistics, and which is, if anything, probably overdone nowadays. Mr. F. W. Hirst, the editor of the "Economist", has undertaken the task of bringing Porter's Inquiry up to the present day; and he has had the assistance of a number of competent writers on local government, criminology, wages and prices, as well as of members of the staff of the "Economist", for the very exhaustive treatment of the trades and manufactures, many of which have grown up since Porter wrote. It must be noted that Porter's book was written under the impulse of the Ricardian system of political economy, and of the free trade idea which was the prevalent theory of that day. Mr. Hirst is, of course, well known as a persistent advocate of the same economic theory; but he quotes Mr. Hewins, the secretary of the Tariff Reform League, who wrote, in the "Dictionary of National Biography", that Porter's "Progress" was "an invaluable record of the first half of the nineteenth century"; and also that it was "remarkable for the accuracy and variety of its information, and for the skill with which the results of statistical inquiry are presented". Mr. Hirst observes that this testimony relieves him from making any elaborate justification of the present work. It is conceivable that Mr. Hewins might not be prepared to give to Mr. Hirst the praise he gave to Porter; though we think he would not withhold it, but would agree that this edition will maintain the authority of Porter as the standard book of reference on its subject.

"Science and Religion in Contemporary Philosophy." By Emile Boutroux. Translated by Jonathan Nield. London: Duckworth. 1912. 5s. net.

In our day science has apparently come to the conclusion that the co-called conflict between itself and religion does not exist, but that this arises from their having no relation. M. Boutroux' thesis is, on the contrary, that science and religion are related to a fully human life as their source and common end. Both are equally necessary and they agree in their essential principles. In the antithetical style so natural to Frenchmen M. Boutroux affirms that science has relation to the things without which man cannot live; religion to those without which he does not wish to live. His historical and critical discussion of the subject ranges from antiquity and the Middle Ages down to the views of James and the Pragmatists, and to M. Bergson, with whose views M. Boutroux has special sympathy. This, apart from M. Boutroux' statement of his own conclusions, presents most of the many points of view from which the subject has been regarded, whether that of conciliation or of their irreducible antagonism, or of the resolution of both into mysticism or materialism. No summary could do justice to M. Boutroux' eloquent dissertations. Certainly his point of view will interest the English reader; who, however he may regard M. Boutroux' solution of the problem, will agree that the human mind cannot remain content to take religion and science simply as two given facts without caring about their relation. Moreover, he will agree that the older attempts at conciliation are now impossible. We may speak of the translation in M. Boutroux' own words: Mr. Nield's work is not a mere literal transcript, but a real translation of the thought of the text. It is careful, clear, exact, very intelligently and scrupulously faithful.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1er Septembre.

The article by M. Henri Welschinger on the Memoirs of Sir Robert Morier is in effect nothing but an epitome of that remarkable book. This will prove interesting to French readers who have not seen the work itself, but is of little use to those in this country who have already studied it. M. René Bazin writes with all his usual charm on the expedition of distinguished Frenchmen who visited America and French Canada in the spring of this year. As a lover of the traditions, piety, and loyalty of the old France, now no more, he keenly appreciated the welcome he met with in Canada. His judgment on the French Canadian in general is very flattering. "Others", he says, "have celebrated and preferred the audacity of the American colonist or the methodical ways of the Scotch or the patience of the German. But if you estimate all together the three elements which make up the perfect agriculturist, the family, the

disposition, the taste for the business, the French Canadian has no rival." It is interesting to contrast with this paper M. Claude Boringe's brilliant and poetical essay, "Moorish Sketches", and the prospect of the new French Empire in Africa with the relics of that she has lost in America.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

"The Groundwork of British History." By George Townsend Warner and C. H. K. Marten. London: Blackie. 1912. 6s. In two parts, 3s. 6d. each.

In every respect this is a model of what a school history for the higher forms in schools should be. From Mr. Warner, the Master of the Modern Side at Harrow, and Mr. Marten, Assistant Master at Eton, we have, as might be expected, a history of sound scholarship, embodying all the results of modern research. They are practical teachers, and they have had in view the higher class of pupils who are candidates for University local and similar examinations. But more than this, not only is it a model for this purpose, but also for all readers who desire a deeply interesting, non-partisan, and literary presentment of the whole course of British history from the coming of the Romans to the days of the Parliament Act and the Chancellorship of Mr. Lloyd George. Its arrangement is especially logical and convenient. The first part contains the story to the union of the Crowns, when English history becomes British history. The second part contains the story from that time to the present. The story of the growth of the Empire is also told as it has rarely been told in a history of this kind, with a full sense of the importance it now has in politics. We especially commend the lucidity obtained by treating each topic completely without interrupting the story to relate events contemporary but not connected. Much confusion is thus saved the reader. Admirable as a school-book, it is not a "drum and trumpet" history. It impresses on the young reader the importance of the social, industrial, and economic changes, and the condition-of-the-people question, with healthiness of tone and without sentimentality. The apparatus of maps, diagrams, and chronological and other tables, and the full index complete the value of a book which could scarcely be recommended too highly.

"English History Source Books." 1603 to 1650 by Kenneth Bell. 1659 to 1714 by G. B. Ferrett. London: Bell. 1912. 1s. each.

"English History from Original Sources." 1066 to 1216. By N. L. Frazer. London: Black, 1912. 2s. 6d.

These are excellent books as companions to the formal school history. They are needed as much for the education of the teacher as for the delight of the intelligent pupil. The famous description of Jeffreys from the "Lives of the Norths" is worth all the facts—so many of them fictions—laboriously rubbed into schoolboys as to Jeffreys' share in bringing over William of Orange: "When he was in temper and matters indifferent came before him, he became his seat of justice better than any other I ever saw in his place". We like best the series issuing from Messrs. Bell. It is more agreeable to look upon and to handle. It is true there are less documents to a given period; but it must obviously be the intention of a series of this kind to stimulate the appetite of the pupil for original documents, and to send him in search of more. Both series are welcome, and one or other should be adopted by teachers of all sorts. Ignorant teachers

(Continued on page 340.)

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of the worst-taught subject in the schools will begin to realise the extent to which they are misinformed; and educated teachers will know how to enliven their pupils' study and to whet the inquisitive.

"An Introduction to English Industrial History." By Henry Allsopp. London: Bell. 1912. 2s.

This book by the Vice-Principal of Ruskin College, Oxford, is one which was greatly needed, and it can be heartily commended. It is a difficult task to state simply and make interesting such matters as the manorial system, the early town and gild systems, and the era of State regulation and the mercantile system. But this is a necessary prelude to any understanding of our present industrial condition; and Mr. Allsopp has done a service to all intelligent young men or women who are studying social and economic subjects. They will be assisted, too, by the appendix of a list of books for further reading to which this is a bright and helpful introduction.

"Nineteenth-Century Essays." By George Sampson. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1912. 2s. net.

Mr. Sampson describes an essay as something which is "more than a paragraph and less than a treatise, and, at its best, includes some of the most delightful reading that prose has to give". Mr. Sampson complains that the "harsh exercise of copyright veto is a dreadful difficulty in the way of the English teacher, and produces in the mind of the pupil a fixed impression that literature ended abruptly somewhere about the time of Wordsworth". This is doubtless lamentable; but how does Mr. Sampson propose it shall be remedied? It is curious that the compiler of a book, who would certainly hesitate about writing to an author or to a publisher proposing to borrow his umbrella, frequently does not hesitate to propose borrowing his literary property. However, the matter, as Mr. Sampson points out, is too large for discussion here. The appearance of this little book is welcome evidence of the progress of humane studies in our secondary schools. Not many pupils for whom this book is designed will be able to appreciate half the good things in Bagehot's inimitable paper, "Shakespeare—The Man". But Macaulay—with appropriate warnings as to his brassy inaccuracy—and Carlyle—with Matthew Arnold as a chilly and effective antidote—are both entirely admirable for schools. The notes are excellent, chiefly because Mr. Sampson insists that the text is the thing. He hopes, for instance, that readers of the Macaulay essay (Ranke's "History of the Popes") will be stimulated by its multitudinous allusions to a proper literary curiosity which the notes may serve to gratify.

"Dionysus: Exercises in the Meaning of English." By George G. Loane. London: Macmillan. 1912. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Loane has made this collection of verse to be used as exercises for his own form-teaching at St. Paul's School. We suppose Mr. Loane is Dionysus to other teachers, who will find these exercises useful in training their pupils to master the meaning of literary English in somewhat the same manner as they would get at the meaning of a classic author. To each piece Mr. Loane sets exercises of which the governing idea is the investigation of the full meaning of the passage dealt with; analysis, paraphrase, and précis being ancillary to that object. The exercises are graded in severity and are arranged into general, literary, and historical. They are to be used with a dictionary and an English history; and the pupil who works steadily through them will have had a mental discipline of no light kind. A boy needs to be drilled in the complexities of structure of great English writers in some such way as Mr. Loane provides, or they will remain always as obscure to him as the chorus of a Greek play, and he will as steadily avoid them. He must appreciate their technique or he will never see their beauty.

"Modern English Grammar." By T. C. Nesfield. London: Macmillan. 1912. 2s. net.

This is a complete and excellently sifted manual of English grammar, including short appendices on prosody, synonyms, changes of meaning, and word-building. A fascinated reading of English grammar in a thorough and a systematic treatise of this calibre leaves us in a condition of terrified surprise that anyone is able to speak or write at all. A simple sentence may utter mysteries that no dullard may be puzzled to name. Already in this notice we have played the grammarian to the extent of committing metonymy, synecdoche, and litotes. But we were not aware of it at the time.

"Man and his Conquest of Nature." By Marion I. Newbigin. London: Black. 1912. 2s.

This is a very attractive title, and the editor of the "Scottish Geographical Magazine" and other geographical works has written a very interesting little book. As a rule geography is so stuffed with facts that, however necessary and

useful its study is, it may educationally and culturally be a barren subject. A recognition of this is needed by teachers in order that they may consider it in its scientific and philosophical bearings and impress it on their pupils. This recognition is the keynote of the book; and it is not only a desirable complement to the book just above mentioned, but to any of the ordinary text-books of geography. Young pupils would perhaps hardly be prepared for reading formally this book. But it is eminently suitable for teachers; and they can convey its ideas gradually and insensibly in the course of the ordinary lesson. Its convenience to them is that it contains information only to be found in monographs and geographical journals. An instance of its suggestiveness may be cited from the chapter on "The Useful Minerals and the Industrial Revolution". In Britain the coal districts are not those that had early historic importance; but in Germany the contrary is the case, and this has been one of the factors in the rapid rise of Germany.

"Regional Geography: The World." By J. B. Reynolds. London: Black. 1912. 3s. 6d.

As Assistant Examiner for the London Matriculation examinations Mr. Reynolds understands the kind of treatment of the subject of geography required for those examinations, and it is generally suited for preparation for the middle and upper forms of secondary schools and the local University examinations, or for a first-year's course in a training college. Its lists of maps and diagrams, illustrating the relief and structure of the land and of climate conditions, isotherms, river systems, railways, geology, industrial areas, and other such natural, or industrial, and economic facts are very numerous, clear, and instructive. Moreover, well worth noting, in a book of such multifarious topics, is its typographical excellence, part of which consists in the variation of types. Each continent is taken in its general features; then its separate countries are dealt with in detail. After this follows a revision, formulating generalisations from the preceding materials. All this is elucidated by the various maps to which we have referred; the sort of map not often found or very sparsely, in an ordinary geography. The book is an excellent treatment of the main differences in structures, relief, and climate which determine the regional divisions, and on the influence of these physical facts on the scenery of countries and the life of the inhabitants.

For this Week's Books see pages 342 and 344.

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The property to be acquired consists of 50 Petroleum Claims, the total area being approximately 5,000 acres.

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The developments which have already taken place in this locality have conclusively shown the portion of Sakhalin wherein the Company's Claims are situated to be exceedingly rich in oil. It is believed that no region in the Far East offers such great opportunities for the establishment of a large and flourishing Petroleum Industry as does the Eastern Coast of Northern Sakhalin.

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More than £50,000 has been spent up to date in surveying and taking up the concessions of which this Company's properties form a part. A plentiful supply of labour can be recruited, if necessary, from Vladivostok or Nicolaïeff.

The Company have reason to hope that they may receive orders from the Naval Authorities of Russia for the supply of oil for the Russian fleet in Far Eastern waters.

The vendors and also the promoter have signified their great faith in the future of the property by agreeing to accept by far the greater portion of their purchase consideration and remuneration in shares, and not to transfer or deal with such shares until the whole of the present issue of £150,000 has been subscribed.

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Mine.																
DEVELOPMENT WORK—																
Number of feet driven, sunk and risen, exclusive of Slopes ..	3,138	7,933	3,633	12,609	4,041	4,621	5,075	6,114	4,071	1,435	14,270	3,090	643	2,932	6,305	2,282
Reduction Works.																
Ore received from Mine .. (tons)	223,457	206,282	142,495	543,776	89,484	147,492	115,998	172,917	81,396	108,761	599,514	62,350	143,732	—	180,877	95,623
Ore received from Surface Dumps .. (tons)	—	—	—	—	—	—	26,712	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Tonnage crushed ..	190,500	165,000	119,430	474,100	73,300	133,470	119,900	149,700	71,670	95,600	473,250	54,642	117,946	126,300	155,500	85,550
Total yield (fine ozs.)	16,897	60,684	61,552	180,127	26,657	62,704	51,014	49,967	24,753	42,443	183,683	21,353	53,435	30,104	56,192	88,627
Yield per ton ..	298. 6d.	318. 0d.	438. 4d.	318. 11d.	308. 7d.	338. 6d.	358. 9d.	288. 0d.	298. 0d.	378. 4d.	338. 2d.	338. 10d.	388. 0d.	208. 0d.	308. 3d.	288. 0d.
Accumulated slimes treated .. (tons)	—	4,780	2,370	400	—	6,445	6,900	—	—	—	—	—	7,680	—	4,340	—
Accumulated slimes yield (fine ozs.)	—	511	454	37	—	456	845	—	—	—	—	—	608	—	—	—
Working Expenses.																
Cost ..	£173,778	£209,080	£120,086	£434,632	£89,764	£139,263	£142,520	£145,046	£85,788	£86,404	£500,109	£58,553	£109,990	£110,075	£173,011	£74,496
Cost per Ton Milled ..	£0 18 3	£1 5 4	£1 1 5	£0 18 4	£1 4 5	£1 0 10	£1 3 9	£0 19 4	£1 3 11	£0 18 1	£1 1 1	£1 1 5	£0 18 8	£0 17 5	£1 2 3	£0 17 5
Revenue.																
Value of Gold produced ..	£280,996	£255,517	£258,466	£756,107	£111,694	£263,907	£214,075	£209,595	£103,549	£178,203	£785,985	£89,661	£221,046	£126,157	£235,633	£119,622
Value per Ton Milled ..	£1 9 6	£1 11 0	£2 3 3	£1 11 11	£1 10 6	£1 19 5	£1 13 8	£1 8 11	£1 17 3	£1 13 2	£1 12 10	£1 18 0	£1 10 4	£1 10 0	£1 10 4	£1 8 0
Working Profit.																
Amount ..	£107,218	£46,737	£130,380	£321,475	£22,330	£123,944	£71,555	£64,549	£17,761	£91,799	£285,876	£31,108	£113,956	£16,082	£62,622	£45,126
Per Ton Milled ..	£0 11 3	£0 5 8	£1 1 10	£0 13 7	£0 6 1	£0 16 7	£0 11 11	£0 8 8	£0 5 0	£0 19 2	£0 12 1	£0 11 5	£0 19 4	£0 2 7	£0 8 1	£0 10 7
Other Sources.																
NET REVENUE OR EXPENDITURE—																
Debit ..	£468	—	—	£6,489	£677	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	£1,427	—
Credit ..	—	£1,863	£1,811	—	—	£5,454	£3,056	£647	£546	£881	—	—	£4,244	—	£2,442	—
Net Profit ..	£106,750	£48,600	£132,191	£314,986	£21,653	£129,398	£74,611	£65,196	£18,307	£94,680	—	—	£118,200	£14,655	£67,064	—
Capital Expenditure	£972	£121,369	£78	£100,445	£1,232	£23,600	£2,191	£20,753	£1,271	£8,732	£55,032	£14,829	—	£27,022	£2,679	£233
Interim Dividends declared.																
Payable to Shareholders registered on books as at ..	June 29, 1912.	June 29, 1912.	—	June 29, 1912.	June 29, 1912.	June 29, 1912.	—	June 29, 1912.	June 29, 1912.	—	June 30, 1912.	June 30, 1912.	June 29, 1912.	June 30, 1912.	—	April 30, 1912.
Rate per cent ..	22½%	10%	—	35%	5%	12½%	—	7½%	5%	—	12½%	7½%	35%	21%	—	8½%
Total Amount of Distribution ..	£157,500	£58,575	—	£517,058	£20,200	£175,000	—	£79,550	£25,115	—	£305,737	£36,839	£165,200	£25,355	—	£75,250

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